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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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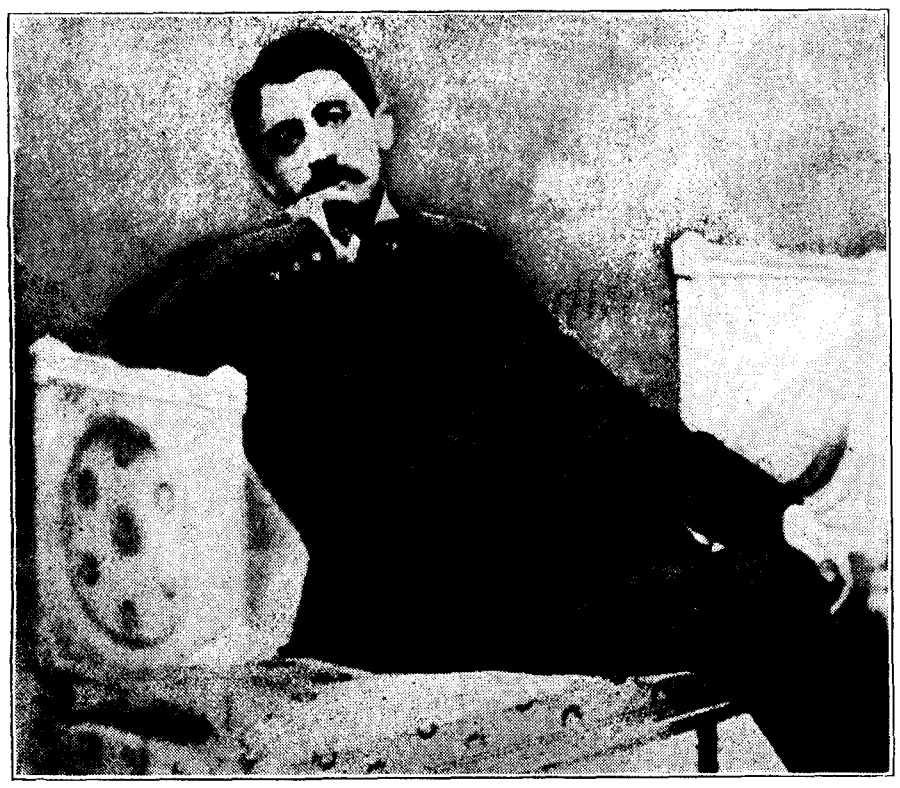

MARCEL PROUST

Tragic "Little Giant"

THE EVE OF CONFLICT: Stephen A. Douglas and The Needless War. By George Fort Milton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1934. $5.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

GEORGE FORT MILTON has done a remarkable piece of work in this study of Stephen A. Douglas. Originally he set out to write a biography, but he soon found that he was writing a history of the two decades prior to Bull Run. He has spared no pains to cover the ground, with the result that he has produced a book which is a monumental piece of honest and painstaking research and study that does infinite credit to the author. It is a marked advance over Mr. Milton's earlier "The Age of Hate," showing a growing tolerance, a firmer grasp, and a deeper understanding, as well as a determined effort to hold the scales even. As he delved into the life of Douglas he made the discovery that the Civil War was avoidable and needless, that it was solely due to the actions of the extremists in the pro-slavery and anti-slavery camps, and not to any irrepressible conflict or clash of irreconcilable forces which would have no other ending than war.

But this made him in turn a more ardent champion of Douglas, whose policy of compromise seems to Mr. Milton to have been so sound that had he been listened to, had he but succeeded in reaching the White House, the uncalled for and bloody slaughter of the greatest civil war in history (unless the Russian Revolution is entitled to that unhappy distinction because of the number of its murders), would not have occurred. Undoubtedly Douglas was one of the most extraordinary, most brilliant, dramatic, and tragic figures in our entire political history. Both his splendor and his failure were magnificent. Hence it has long been a fascinating speculation as to the precise cause of his futility and as to what the history of this country would have been had he but achieved his ambition and taken his seat in the White House instead of Abraham Lincoln. The Northern historians, like James Ford Rhodes, have usually written

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Thinker by Choice, Artist by Chance

EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY HAZLITT

REVIEWING this ponderous autobiography of 700-odd pages and more than 300,000 words seems almost as hopeless as reviewing an encyclopedia. There is the same problem of what to select, where to take hold. For if this were really an autobiography, and nothing more, it could easily have been written in half its present length, and with the same detail. But most of it is much better represented by its sub-title—"Discoveries and Conclusions of a Very Ordinary Brain (Since 1866)." Wells has used it, as he has come to use all his books, as a sort of valise in which to toss opinions on everybody and everything, and above all to carry his Message to the world.

It is in this role of prophet and Advanced Thinker (the last is his own self-title), which he has been taking over more and more as the years pass, and with a constantly diminishing capacity for self-criticism, that one finds him least attractive. Here he becomes increasingly garrulous, repetitious, irritating, tedious. Early in his career Wells proved himself a first-rate novelist. In his later years he has shown that he can be also a first rate popularizer. In his "Outline of History," in his "Science of Life," and to a lesser extent in his "Work, Wealth, and Happiness of Mankind," he has shown an astounding capacity to digest huge masses of fact, and to condense, organize, and dramatize it in a way to capture the imagination of the common man. He has displayed great abilities as a controversialist, and as a pamphleteer few living men surpass him. But the one thing he is not is an original thinker. His leading ideas are second-hand and often a good deal worse than second-rate. One soon becomes infinitely bored by his Open Conspiracies and his World-States, not necessarily because one disagrees with him, but because they are either so puerile in conception or so ob-

(*Continued on next page*)

A Reconsideration of Proust*

BY EDITH WHARTON

THE request of the Editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* to send him within a very brief time-limit an article on Proust found me on an autumn holiday in the West Highlands, far from the long shelf which holds my "Recherche du Temps Perdu," farther still from the atmosphere in which Proust had the only being conceivable to him. Mr. Buchan's "Massacre of Glencoe" had formed my most recent reading, and the calm, ruddy faces of Highland chieftains and their wives, as portrayed by Raeburn and the far greater Allan Ramsay, filled every corner of my mental picture gallery. It was impossible to be more remote from Proust and all the implications of his tormented genius, and I had already written a cable of refusal when it suddenly struck me that, if I *could* fish up and reconstitute Proust (*my* Proust, that is, for such evocations are necessarily subjective) out of the bottom of a dark Scottish loch, or a Jacobite cavern on a stormy moor, I should have applied a far severer test to his genius than if his books were under my hand, and the Parisian air in my lungs.

No sooner had the thought presented itself than its ramifications drew me on, and I tore up the cable and got out my fishing-line. For, after all, what constitutes the ultimate proof of creative genius but the degree to which it penetrates and becomes a part of the intelligence on which it acts? If I can succeed in fishing Marcel Proust up alive out of the depths of my mind I may have performed a more interesting feat than any "study" I might have written after conscientiously rereading him. The residue he has left in me is the crystallizing of a million stray reactions produced while the volumes were in my hand, and it is with this quintessential Proust, who must obviously be the lasting one, that I will try to deal.

Any one who attempts this fishing-up of authors not recently reread will be struck by the difference in the weight and vitality of what they capture. Sometimes the line comes up all too lightly, a thin wraith dangling from the hook; sometimes the hook has only a name on it; but, more rarely, the line tugs, and a living, bounding presence leaps into sight. Those are the writers who have what one may call mass, or four-squareness; and of this small company Proust is preëminently one. Let us bend above his glittering, palpitating flanks.

It is necessarily from the novelist's point of view that I make the experiment. Inevitably, novels make a different impression on the minds of novelists, provoke in them reactions more intense and complex than those produced on the non-creative mind. There is an active participation in the reading of novels by novelists which either lifts the reader to creative rapture or—makes the work fall from his languid hand. Therefore what I say of Proust must be regarded as the view of a fellow-craftsman, however remote from his genius.

Genius he had, and to a prodigious degree. Fortune had perhaps endowed him more lavishly with natural gifts than any French writer of fiction since Balzac. If he had known how to use them as the far less lavishly gifted Flaubert used his—

and the "Education Sentimentale" offers many available points of comparison—Proust might have been the new Balzac, the great master he just failed of becoming.

As the years pass, and my view of him falls more and more into perspective, I find it but little changed in its main lines. I thought then, and I think now, that his intellectual speculations hampered his genius as a story teller, and that the mist of Bergsonian metaphysics, which now and then thickens to a fog, not only impedes the progress of his tale but frequently blurs the vivid faces of his protagonists. Looking back on his work as a whole I am more and more of this opinion; and every encounter with the small group of fervent Proustians—the readers who really know their way about in that puzzling labyrinth of human experience—fortifies my conviction that Proust's real claim to greatness is the fact of having called into being so immense a number of lifelike characters. Whenever two Proustians meet the references exchanged are always, inevitably, to his people, not to his philosophy; and the names of Aunt Léonie, of Madame de Villeparisis, of the Duc de Guermantes, of the tragic Swann, the immortal Verdurin group, and the ineffable Monsieur de Norpois, are instantly on their lips. It must not be understood that I am uninterested by Proust's abstract speculations, or indifferent to his philosophy of life. I am convinced that no storyteller, however great his gifts, can do great work unbased on some philosophy of life. Only the author's own convictions can give that underlying sense of values which lifts anecdote to drama, drama to tragedy. Proust's fault lay in not restraining this sense of values, in too often letting his philosophic speculations crowd his people and their actions from the foreground.

But what, after all, does that matter, when, however often he pushes them out of the way, their uncanny vitality always forces them back into their rightful place? The jaded novel reader, accustomed to seeing the characters in whose vitality he has been asked to believe, fade away after the first pages, and die on the author's

* *REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST. By Marcel Proust. Translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff and Frederick Blossom. New York: Random House.* 1934. *Four volumes.* $12.50.

This Week

PHANTOM CROWN
By BERTITA HARDING
Reviewed by Charles David Abbott

THE LETTERS OF GAMALIEL BRADFORD
Edited by VAN WYCK BROOKS
Reviewed by M. A. De Wolfe Howe

CHAPTERS FOR THE ORTHODOX
By DON MARQUIS
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

AT SEA
By ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL
Reviewed by Amy Loveman

THE GOLDEN VANITY
By ISABEL PATERSON
Reviewed by Basil Davenport

SOUTHERN CROSS
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

ROBERT E. LEE
By DOUGLAS FREEMAN
Reviewed by B. H. Liddell Hart

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hands, stands amazed at this rebounding vitality of the Proustian people. Again and again they reappear in the crowded, tossing pages, almost like drowning people clutching at a raft—and almost invariably they regain their footing on it, shouting, gesticulating, possessing themselves of their square foot or two of space in that packed world, and making it vibrate with reality. A great gift—the greatest and the rarest in the storyteller's complex equipment. We forgive everything else to the magician who makes us believe in his imperious people, not only once but a hundred times calling them to passionate life, and at each reappearance showing us that, in the interval, they have not dangled on a hook in his property-shop, but have maintained activities of their own behind the scenes, growing, changing, maturing, withering, or ripening, as the case may be, but always following the rich curve of life's transformations. In this respect I know nothing, in the greatest novelists, to surpass the evolution of poor Swann's dreamy, vacillating character, the coarse, unimaginative thickening of Odette's, the zig-zag course of Saint Loup's uneven nature, the persistence, in the Duchesse de Guermantes, of her old racial inheritance, and the peasant simplicity underlying her social sophistication.

The investigation of Proust's one or two glaring failures—his inability to put life into such painfully elaborated characters as the wretched wraith Albertine and the simply non-existent violinist over whom he vainly expended so many pages—belongs to another view of the author and of his work, and one which may be excluded from a survey of his results as a creator of character. Every creative novelist, for one reason or another, has such failures; certain characters (perhaps those too near to his own to be properly focussed) obstinately refuse to come to life; but how little it matters, in the case of Proust, whose successful evocations were so many!

It is in the number of these living creations that he so far surpasses all but the

his incessant brooding on the sources of our sensibility I should be the last to deny. He has gazed upon his people as the seer gazes on his crystal. He has never been satisfied to disguise a pack of dummies under a few showy tags of reality: tricks of speech, of gesture and thought. All these people are really living, growing, changing before our eyes; and to achieve this result Proust had first to live in them, to be *them*, with each one of their sudden and often brief reappearances to force his way into them again and feed with his own blood the currents of their tangled personalities. Perhaps there is no better way of summing up the mysterious process than Flaubert, avowedly most "objective" of novelists, found when some idiot asked him: "Dear master, who actually *was* Madame Bovary?"—"Madame Bovary? Why, myself, of course." That is Proust's answer as we go back to him.

I have said that, in returning to Proust after a considerable interval, I have found little to modify in my first estimate of his genius. But in one respect I have changed my opinion; and this change I believe has been experienced by most of his early readers. When "Du Côté de chez Swann" gave us its first electrical shock I suppose we all thought: "Here is an innovator! Here is new wine in a new bottle!" But, though there is a certain sense in which genius is always new, the great originators draw as much from the past as from the present—and Proust was no exception. Indeed it is truer to say of him—though few would have said it when his first volumes appeared—that he ends the long and magnificent line of nineteenth century novelists, than that he opens a new era. Even his method, new as it seemed at first, is only a somewhat careless combination of the traditional forms of fiction; and every line that he wrote shows that he belonged to a generation of novelists who were more interested in the inward drama of life than in its outward accidents.

Nearly a generation has gone by since Proust, on his deathbed, wrote the last, profoundly moving pages of "Le Temps Retrouvé"—that stormy "Testament of Beauty"—and it is now possible for his readers not only to revise their personal impression of his genius, but to ask what mark he has made on the generation succeeding him.

To the latter question the answer must be: None! On the general tendencies of modern fiction Proust appears to have had no action whatever. It is even difficult to find a trace of his influence in any of the "little chapels," as the more theoretical experimenters with the art are called in France. Proust has founded neither a popular nor a highly specialized school; in neither category has he either disciples or imitators. There are several reasons for this. It will not suffice to say that he is not imitated because he is not read; though this is partly true. But he has always had a small following of devoted readers, whose admiration increases with the lapse of time; and I believe the fundamental cause of his isolation is that the only thing that interested him was the drama of the soul. The outward incidents he recorded, however brutal, and often repellent, concerned him only as manifestations of the inner life; and nothing interests the modern novelist and his readers less than the inner life. In spite of Proust's individual

worth recording. It is this which divides him from his successors in the pitifully shrunken field of his art.

At one time it seemed that only the length of his tale stood between himself and popularity. But this has long since been disproved. After exhausting the delights of "tabloid" fiction the reader (and the publisher) now clamor for long books, and modern fiction does not fear to drape itself in sagas and epics as long as the longest tales of Richardson and his prolix school. But the modern reader, in demanding length, does not ask for depth; in fact he absolutely rejects it. The modern novel must be long, but it must be beaten out thin; mental effort must be reduced to a minimum, and the reader enabled to travel as easily over his thousand pages as the pedestrian slipping along on an escalator.

It is impossible to imagine any works of fiction offering fewer of such facilities than those of Marcel Proust. He is all in depth; and he will have to wait for full recognition till the surface of life is once more discovered to be of interest only in proportion to its inner significance. Meanwhile, for the few who still hold to this belief, each sounding of his deep pages will continue to render up new treasures.

Philosopher

By WITTER BYNNER

ACCOSTING circumstance with a good line,
He takes his bowing hat off and then sets
The hang of his coat and the turn of his tie with fine
Disdain of all misgivings, all regrets.
He knows the best of the philosophies
Because, intuitive, he understands
That life is just exactly what it is
Despite mismanaging ambitious hands,
That nothing ever was that is not now,
Nothing shall ever be that was not then,
Life's mainly the exaggerated bow
Which any rooster makes to any hen:
Religion passes and the age of reason,
But sex is everlastingly in season.

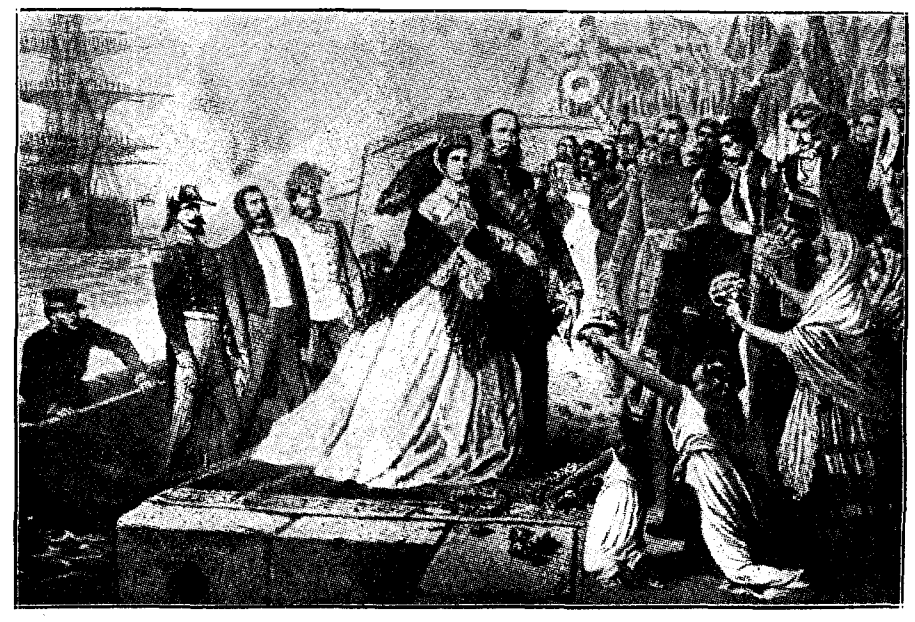
Tragic Opera

PHANTOM CROWN. By Bertita Harding. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1934. $3.50.

MAXIMILIAN, EMPEROR OF MEXICO. By José Luis Blasio. Translated and Edited by Robert Hammond Murray. Foreword by Carleton Beals. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by Charles David Abbott

THE career of Maximilian, Archduke of Austria and Emperor of Mexico, has in it all the superficial elements of the best comic opera. Its settings are in the most orthodox tradition, from the rococo splendors of the Adriatic castle, Miramar, to the romantic grandeurs of Chapultepec. The minor characters involved are, for the most part, trivial enough to meet all requirements. There is even an admirable villain in Napoleon III, while



THE ARRIVAL OF MAXIMILIAN AND CARLOTA IN MEXICO
From a contemporary picture, reproduced in "Phantom Crown."

and most overwhelming. It is "Lear" in the guise of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

The Mexican scheme, into which Maximilian was lured, was a piece of international chicanery engineered principally by Napoleon, who was provided by the American Civil War with a chance to flout the Monroe Doctrine, and to gain for his own empire a political appendage which would bring with it not only immediate gain but also a useful check upon the growing importance of the United States. By the deft political manipulation of a small minority of citizens, of whom many were expatriates, it was made to appear that Mexico yearned for a stable government to be conducted by an outside prince. The importance of Juarez, the rightful president, and his army was judiciously minimized. A plan was presented to Maximilian who, bored with his uselessness as younger brother to the Austrian Emperor, willingly accepted the call.

Maximilian was not a great man, but he was honest. Unfortunately, he was also innocent, and very much the idealist. He saw in Mexico an opportunity for reasserting the ancient glory of the Hapsburgs. He believed he could organize a government which by its justice and benevolence could shame the countries of Europe. He knew little of the intrigues of diplomats and nothing of the vindictive jealousies and loyalties of the Mexican people. Confident, however, in their own noble aims, he and Carlota, his lovely young wife, went to Mexico to create a transatlantic Utopia. And there they found themselves immersed in affairs which they could neither control nor understand. Out of ignorance and inexperience, they committed mistake after mistake. They forfeited the support of the Church without winning the support of the Church's enemies. When Napoleon was forced to withdraw his army, they were left, mere puppets in the hands of a Mexico that knew no justice and no mercy.

Mrs. Harding in retelling the story of the Mexican misadventure has done admirable work. Her exceptionally astute insight into character and motive has enabled her to present Maximilian and Carlota as real personages, acting their parts sincerely and passionately, if naively and ineffectively, in the drama in which they were so miserably miscast. She succeeds also, by means of carefully selected and very illuminating details, in picturing the social background of mid-nineteenth century Mexico with an authenticity that is impressive. One, from among the many sources upon which she has drawn, is the Memoirs of José Luis Blasio, Maximilian's secretary, published thirty years ago in Spanish, and now for the first time republished in an ably translated English edition. It is a simple but lucid account of an eye-witness of the events into which the two royal idealists were plunged. Blasio was a hero-worshipper and Maximilian was his hero, but that does not prevent him from telling the whole truth as he saw it. In artless fashion, but with Boswellian faithfulness, he records all that

Thinker by Choice, Artist by Chance

(*Continued from first page*)

vious. All his great social "ideas" are primarily of a hortatory and rhetorical type. Yet he writes of them as if they were of an almost intolerable freshness and brilliance. He sincerely seems to have believed that in a talk of two or three hours he could get Stalin to see that there was a striking parallel between his methods and aims and those of Franklin D. Roosevelt, that Russia and America ought to join hands in a common effort, and that the Bolsheviks ought to give up their "old-fashioned class-war propaganda." When Stalin at the end of those three hours remained of the same opinion still, Wells left the country "acutely frustrated and disappointed" in his "dream of doing anything worth while" there. "I was fairly beaten," he confesses, "in an enterprise too big for me."

Beaten, but still incredulous. Why should the Russians go on just as they had been even after Wells had shown them the light? Why should the Fabian Society—Shaw, the Webbs, and all the rest—have been so blind and mulish when Wells wanted it to reorganize as a revolutionary Order of the Samurai? Why does mankind remain so stupid and wicked and base when it might so easily enter Utopia?

> The truth remains that today nothing stands in the way to the attainment of universal freedom and abundance but mental tangles, egocentric preoccupations, obsessions, misconceived phrases, bad habits of thought, subconscious fears and dreads and plain dishonesty in people's minds.

Nothing but!

To spend more time on this aspect of the volume would be to give a false impression of it. It is not until its last 150 pages or so that Wells buckles down in earnest as a World Planner. In its early pages, and, indeed, in all of its genuinely autobiographical part, it is a fascinating document. Wells writes as a first-rate

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autobiographer should, with complete candor and without discretion. He describes mercilessly the dismal, bug-infested house in which he was born, and in which he spent the first thirteen years of his life. He makes no attempt to gloss over his mother's career as a lady's maid, or to spare her "incorrigibly bad" cooking or her "curiously stereotyped" mind. He makes little attempt, even, to spare himself, from the day when, as a boy, he threw a fork across the dinner table at his brother Frank, so that he can "still remember very vividly the missile sticking in his forehead"; down to his slightly hysterical war record. In all his personal relationships he seems able to look back on his past quite objectively.

By what miracle did this youngster who got off to such a bad start in the world, throughout his early life physically undernourished, become the H. G. Wells of history? As he himself sums up the matter, he became one of the intelligentsia and was saved from a limited life behind a draper's counter by two broken legs, his own first, at the age of seven, and then his father's. Later he was guided to mental emancipation and real prosperity by a smashed kidney, a ruptured pulmonary blood vessel, an unsuccessful marriage, and an uncontrollable love affair. In telling this story in detail, he shows himself at sixty-eight still capable of writing with all the humor and color, and sometimes with the pathos, of his early novels. And always there is the amazing gusto, verve, and outspokenness that he has put into everything.

The book is filled with portraits of his leading contemporaries. These seldom tell us anything that we did not already know, but they are done with such clear, bold strokes that they are often memorable. One is not likely soon to forget the sketch of the loud, ego-centered, sex-crazy Frank Harris; or the strange tragic figure of George Gissing, delirious on his death bed while Wells watched over him; or Stephen Crane, helpless at his own overcrowded house parties. But often the portraits tell more about the painter than they do about his subject. When Henry James, Conrad, Crane, and even Bennett talked about the novel and craftsmanship, it is evident not only that Wells has little sympathy with their views, but that he did not even know, half the time, what they were talking about. He practically dismisses them all as "esthetes," and he lets slip, at one point, this revealing sentence: "The fastidious critic might object, but the general reader to whom I addressed myself *cared no more for finish and fundamental veracity* about the secondary things of behavior *than I*." (Italics mine.)

WELLS AT TWENTY-SIX

A sketch by the author from a letter to his mother.

Wells would have us believe, in short, that when he was an artist he was so by mere chance. When he is an artist in the present book he seems to be one in spite of himself, until he stops to remember that he is really a Great Thinker. Then he gets to work on his Ideas. The reader has to learn to take them as he has to learn to take the advertising chatter in the middle of a radio program. But it is like biting into sand in a slice of mince pie.

Henry Hazlitt, for some years literary editor of the Nation, *is now a member of the editorial staff of the* New York Times.

Gamaliel Bradford's Self-Psychography

THE LETTERS OF GAMALIEL BRADFORD. Edited by Van Wyck Brooks. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1934. $4.50.

Reviewed by M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

BRADFORD had his own ideas concerning the publication of letters and the reviewing of books. Of the first he writes: "They should be printed of course entire, except for such personal excision as may be absolutely required, which should always be indicated," and "the text should be printed without any editorial comment whatever, all such personal comment being confined to notes or to the introduction." This is the method which Mr. Brooks has followed. "My own idea of reviewing"—to quote Bradford on this second point—"is that the reviewer should suggest, should stimulate, should convey to readers the significance of a book, the essence of what is best and most permanent in it, from his own point of view, without attempting to give a formal judicial verdict on its excellence."

Now the significance of this volume of Letters, following at a year's interval on Bradford's "Journal," might be regarded in a number of aspects. Among these its relation to the "Journal" is of immediate interest. The new volume is a new revelation of the same man, avowedly picking his own soul to pieces, triumphing in his work over unbelievable handicaps of physical strength, yet writing with just that difference of tone and emphasis to be expected between communications with one's friends and with one's self. The result is a certain mitigation of the sombreness which marked the earlier document of autobiography. Had he been more solemn about the letters he poured forth with such abundance, he would hardly have accused himself of "epistoloquacity," or laid the blame for it so often upon his command of the typewriter.

In a letter of 1927 Bradford wrote to Miss Alice Brown:

> Pray do search your heart, and search it again, and see if you really mean that you do not care for glory. It is hard for me to believe it, because ever since I first drew the breath of conscious intellectual life to write beautiful things and *to be praised for doing so* has been the supreme thing in the world for me.

This question of glory raised itself sharply in the "Journal," and there as here the craving revealed was for fame as a poet, novelist, or playwright.

Two lives could hardly have been more unlike in circumstance than those of Bradford, in Wellesley Hills, and Henry James, in London and the world at large. Their very dissimilarity lends point to one extraordinary parallel, brought out by Mrs. Wharton in "A Backward Glance." She speaks of Henry James's belief in his own gifts for the drama and of his longing

> intensely, incurably, for the shouting and the glory and the garlands so persistently refused to his great novels, and which, had he succeeded in his theatrical venture, would have come to him in a grosser but more substantial form. I once said [she continues] that Anglo-Saxons had no notion of what the French mean when they speak of *la gloire;* but in that respect James was a Latin, and the last infirmity of noble minds was never quite renounced by his.

In this respect—though hardly in any other—was not Bradford a Latin too? From a letter of 1929 one learns that in August of that year he contributed, anonymously, to *Harper's Magazine* an article, "The Fight for Glory." Like the "Journal" and the "Letters" this, in its briefer measure, proves an illuminating self-revelation. In this article, as in the writings now authenticated by his own name, he makes confession, "It was only because I could not be a poet, or a novelist, or a dramatist that I took up with a dull and prosaic second-best." All this would be melancholy enough had not the reluctantly accepted second-best proved so good.

In more than one respect the "Letters" bear an important relation to the "Journal." They constitute another book in which, if it had been written by somebody else, Bradford himself would have been intensely interested. They provide, again, rare material for just such study of a soul as he would have been delighted to bestow upon such a record. He liked to discriminate between the values of records of various kinds; and surely he would have subjected to the closest scrutiny the subtle differences in Journal, Letters, and anonymous print. In a less restricted space it would repay another than a Bradford to study these differences, and to consider several significances of the Letters which cannot be touched upon here. It must suffice to say that they serve to clarify the highly individual outline of a New England figure whose spirit far transcended his native boundaries; of a friend much given to generous praise within the circle of his friendship, yet capable of explicit criticism and dissent, and more critical of himself than of anybody else; of a gallant fighter against infirmities of body and soul to which any nature so sensitive as his might have surrendered without a breath of blame.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe, consultant in biography to the Library of Congress, was at one time the associate editor of The Atlantic Monthly, *and is the author and editor of numerous books.*

HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND

Informal Biography

A TIME TO KEEP. By Halliday Sutherland. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1934. $3.

LIKE "The Arches of the Years," which won such wide favor last year, this volume is a biography of informal sort, a kind of leisurely ramble through the life of a cultured, kindly gentleman who looked on the world about him with zest and humor, and who had liking and sympathy for his fellow men. Dr. Sutherland's experiences and adventures as here recounted were in no way singular, but they live with such vividness in his memory, and are infused with so much of his own genial nature, that they are captivating to the fancy. The good doctor was not above pranks in his youth, and never lost his taste for the amusing. He tucks into his narrative here the adventure of his youth when he boarded up a drain pipe and turned his uncle's corn field into a lake, and then the later sally in which he and college friend bested their political opponents, and again the trick played upon a boxer. Simple incidents in themselves, they take on an entertaining character from the unaffected enjoyment of their narrator.

Dr. Sutherland, as the readers of his earlier volume will recall, has a keen love for nature and for birds and beasts. It recurs again and again in his reminiscences, lending variety and charm to his chronicle. Shot through it, too, are allusions to persons humble and of high repute, all introduced in informal fashion and brought to life through some anecdote or remembered conversation.

It is, indeed, the unconventional nature of his writing which renders Dr. Sutherland's books so delightful. They are full of color and small incident, irradiated by the humane and sympathetic attitude of the author toward his world, and winning in the universality of their experiences.

Manhattan Miracles

CHAPTERS FOR THE ORTHODOX. By Don Marquis. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IN the highest tradition of comedy, Don Marquis, who has written so much sound hilarity, discloses himself in "Chapters for the Orthodox" as another of those literary clowns who laugh because there seems to be no other suitable expression to give to their anger at a puzzling world. In writing these miracle plays and fables about modern Manhattan and the suburban world around it, Mr. Marquis is no deeply original or profound thinker, not one of the great ones in the high tradition of comic consideration of a tragic universe, but rather an honest, puzzled man still moved by the old, amusing fancy of forcing foursquare immortal gods into our round mortal world.

If what Mr. Marquis does here has been better done before, it was done so well only by the first masters of the serious business of comedy, human and divine. It is compliment rather than condemnation to judge Mr. Marquis's book adversely beside the sharp wit of Voltaire, the gentler satire of Anatole France, and the bitter humor of Mark Twain. He writes behind them, but his book is more fairly judged beside the grim and gaudy modern world into which he brings our gods and saints and devils in their own properly anthropomorphic persons. To such a world he brings wisdom and sound laughter.

Mr. Marquis believes, as he says in the dedication, in miracles; and in each of his twelve chapters he writes of the miraculous and the divine. Into his Manhattan Mysteries he brings Jehovah, who finds himself at home in the Union League Club, and Jesus, who sits watching on park benches or rises to speak in Union Square, and who finds the Sanhedrin sitting again uptown "in a large new church, which was being built in imitation of several important European churches." In the flesh if one may use the term, he brings l[illegible] the Devil and old Death who seek [illegible] souls in Brooklyn. Yet none of t[illegible] mortal figures, as Mr. Marquis ha[illegible] them, is half so vivid as the mortals with whom his orthodox gods are concerned. Jehovah in his earliest and most vengeful years could never have matched the vindictive wrath of old Miss Maisie Robinson of Columbia Heights and certainly it is doubtful whether Mr. Marquis's Jesus could ever so long or so gently have borne her self-righteous tyranny as Miss Planty did. Neither Judas nor Faust nor the Devil himself will rouse in any reader the enthusiastic contempt which old man Murtrie deserves and receives.

Indeed, despite such theological difficulties as the question of the justice to the pigs into whom Jesus turned the demons from the possessed man, and the fate of the family of the Gadarean swine-breeder who thus by miracle lost all his pigs, Mr. Marquis makes it clear that man is far stranger, far more incredible than his gods. Even Jehovah himself has difficulty in comprehending the mind of Miss Higginbotham of Washington Square, North, in declining to become the immaculate mother of a second world-redeeming Begotten Son because she is a Good Woman who could not consider bearing a child out of wedlock. It is for such as Miss Higginbotham that Mr. Marquis and his immortals reserve their condemnation. There is plenty of forgiveness in his book of sinners, but only the deepest distaste for the cruelly good, the cowardly good, and the hypocritically good.

In the twelve stories which the chapters are, there is much unevenness in both the quality of the conception and of the writing. In the book are both easy laughter and labored fun. Some of the stories and some of the characters seem as thin as others are robust. But through the whole book there is the steady, even honesty of a man who, finding both humans and their gods bewildering, nevertheless knows a professional saint from an amateur sinner and gives his right hand to the sinner every time.

Jonathan Daniels is the author of "Clash of Angels," a novel of Lucifer's fall.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Ominous Towers

There used to be so much sentiment about nature and nature worship fogging our minds that it was difficult to see a tree or a mountain as a fine upstanding reflex of law and precedent. Some of it lingers, as is proved by the inevitable quotation of Joyce Kilmer's famous line if an unpoetical woman gets as far as the edge of a forest. Nevertheless, when a romantic appreciation of natural beauty failed to appear in the minds of this science-bred, cockney-raised generation something was lost in philosophic understanding.

The modern, craving, without quite knowing that he craves, the magnificence of nature which seems to attain beauty with no effort except obedience to the laws of circumstance, is properly disillusioned by our ravaged forests and road-scarred mountains. If he is city bred or city bound he turns, like the Babylonians of the plains, to his towers, and finds there beauty enough but of a strange frustrated kind which would be tragic if it were understood. New York, which has taken to its rooftops, looks morning, sunset, and night upon such a scene as no one, it is safe to say, has ever imagined. Above misty gorges glowing at evening, the towers are translucent—at dusk opalescent columns, by night lanterns bursting with light. But there is something pathetic in their efforts at significance. Let them soar never so high, or take the morning on castellated fronts, or hold shapes of beauty that conform to the desires of the imagination, yet they never quite escape the irrelevance of utilitarianism to such high architectural purposes. The four-square shaft that speaks of exaltation based solidly on earth, houses too evidently oil, insurance, patent medicine, brokerage, and money-lending, all a little uneasy in an altitude which does not correspond to any uplift in their relations to human affairs. The needle-pointed Chrysler building, a pseudomorph of a cathedral, sells automobiles, and does it beautifully, yet lacks any sufficient justification for its exceeding grace. This is not sentiment; it is common sense. American business has contributed much to the quantity but little to the quality of contented living, and these giant containers, which suggest a religion, pull away from their useful but commonplace content like dreams unrealized. Compare a tabloid newspaper with the austere rectitude of the tower in which it is made, for there is an incongruity here of the greatest importance. Granted (only for the sake of the argument) that someone has to get rich by feeding the public with the swill it likes, is it not disease of the soul that covers with the finest lines and curves something shapeless and meaningless except as a satisfaction of crude desire? The medievals made their fortifications beautiful, but war seemed to them a noble occupation. Our architects, in their best and most successful achievements, have been given nothing better to work upon than advertisements of production and consumption. Production and consumption, like eating and sleeping, are indispensables, but to what end beyond staying alive, for what ultimate purpose, to what increase in the quality of the human animal? —these are the questions which these beautiful but frustrated towers seem to bear upon their foreheads.

Trees sometimes are like that. The maple, except in Autumn, is a frustrated tree which never finds its right proportions until old age. The pine, if it suffers any interference with its natural purposes, becomes a scraggly unbalanced thing always trying to recover a native symmetry. But the elm is like an instinctive response to the conditioning of nature. There is no conflict visible; it is realized form.

Towers and trees are both functions of living. The tree's problem was put in the way of solution in geologic ages long before ours; the tower, being a human attribute, is indicative in every century of new successes or new failures. Therefore to moralize this latest brood of giants, these sequoias of Chicago and Philadelphia and San Francisco and New York, is not a literary exercise, though it is a pleasure to describe them. Their beauty and their lack of social significance are both striking. Look at them cold and clear at sunset, ominous at dusk, and ask whether it is absurd to say that they mean more than those who commanded them. It would not be the first time that the artist has groped toward a future which may justify his imagination.

"A DIARY FOR MY HUSBAND, PLEASE—HE'S A REGULAR SAMUEL PEPYS."

Letters to the Editor: *The Battle of 1936; A Scientific Poet*

Hoover and Wallace

SIR:—You feature in the tenth anniversary number of your excellent journal, as the most important contribution, under the title, "The Battle of 1936 Begins," a lengthy review of the new books on the political and economic situation by ex-President Hoover and Secretary of Agriculture Wallace by Professor Nevins, of Columbia University. Having devoted a large share of my life and thought to public affairs and being now retired from the battle, but still vitally interested in it, I have read this review with much interest and some astonishment. I presume others may have shared my sentiments.

It is suppositiously, is it not, the function of a critic, especially one of authority, such as Professor Nevins is regarded, to be impartial, or, at least, to attempt that viewpoint? After having read his remarks, however, one finds that, while there is something of bland assumption of that position, analysis discovers it to be lacking. The article runs to great length. It leaves the uninformed reader with the idea that the Hoover book is a very mistaken one based upon outworn and unpopular policies and ideals, and that the Wallace book is the reverse. Much space and argument is devoted to destructive criticism of what Mr. Hoover has to offer, both as regards its premises and its conclusions. While Professor Nevins is diplomatic in his language, the reader, when he has finished, is aware that he has condemned both Mr. Hoover and his book. He is also aware that he has endorsed and glorified, as it were, Mr. Wallace and his book. Now, of course, Professor Nevins is entitled to have and to hold his own opinions, and to express them in his writings, critical and otherwise. But the article of complaint against him in the present instance is that what was sauce for the goose has not been poured over the gander. The Wallace book is not really criticized at all. It is subjected to none of the severe examination and destructive analysis meted out to the Hoover opus. On the other hand, its many weaknesses, contradictions, doubtful statements and arguments, special pleadings, *et id genus omnes*, are either glided over or else ignored *in toto*. Why did not Professor Nevins, if still inspired by the sentiments expressed in his final paragraph, subject the Wallace book and the Wallace ideas to the same sort of a grilling that he accorded the Hoover production? It would have been all too easy. Is that the reason it was not done?

There is one thing in particular to which the thoughtful reader is bound to object, both in the review in question and much of the other flood of "literature of the subject" which inundates the landscape. It is the refusal of the protagonists to get down to bed rock, no matter upon what side aligned in the controversy. The picture of the farmer as a "victim" is largely a fiction—his woes are most of them due to his own errors and follies. Speaking from long experience I would say that no painting of the farmer as he really is has as yet been offered to the public and that in many respects Secretary Wallace's portrait is very badly out of focus. Beyond that, neither Mr. Hoover nor Mr. Wallace, nor Professor Nevins in his review touches upon the basic fact—which is that the craze for luxuries of every sort, which has been rampant in every sphere of American society for a generation and more, together with the shirking of responsibilities, civic, moral, material, and otherwise, as a general mass-movement, is what has brought us to our present pass.

Until that fact is generally recognized, admitted, and amended, ex-Presidents and present cabinet officers may write and university professors may review in vain in any effort at either reformation or betterment. It is all as useless as Mrs. Partington's effort to sweep the Atlantic Ocean out of her back yard.

HENRY C. BEITLER.

Chicago, Ill.

Colloquial Sonnets

SIR:—May I mention to your recent epistolary controversialists that science and poetry are far from antithetical to judge by Merrill Moore, M.D. This former member of the *Fugitive* group of Southern poets, which included Allen Tate and John Crowe Ransom, has been a Research Fellow in Psychiatry since his hospital interneship; yet his second volume of poetry will perhaps soon be published. He is totally scientific in his psychiatric investigations; still five thousand sonnets in two years have leaped from his modern mind.

This plethora of poetry can be explained only after a study of his peculiarly striking sonnet form which may be titled a truly American or perhaps a colloquial sonnet. . . .

This author, whom Louis Untermeyer once set off as one of the three most promising of the young American poets, is a patent contradiction to the oracles who foresee in science the demise of poetry.

EDWARD MCCRENSKY.

Boston, Mass.

Prison Libraries

SIR:—One of the most important departments in a penal institution is the library. Taking it by and large it is, perhaps, the greatest force for good within the walls. Not alone for the educational and recreational advantages it offers, but for its ameliorative effect upon even the hardened offenders. To deprive an inmate of library privileges is regarded as the worst form of punishment by the prisoners. Consequently, this privilege is cherished by the largest number. Many of the inmates have had their reason saved by their use of the books our library affords. Many men who never knew the actual good in life have learned to look for, and appreciate, this good through the contact with the printed page. The use of the volumes in the library is accorded to every prisoner, regardless of his race or religious belief.

The prisoners' tastes in reading, like the taste of those in the outside world, are varied. While the majority of calls are for the fictional works of modern writers it is surprising the number of calls we receive for the more serious writings of old and modern authors. With so many men lying idle in their cells the call for books is heavier now than it has ever been. Unfortunately, no provision is made by the legislature to support this important division. We must depend upon the generosity of the public.

It is possible that some of your readers may have a number of books which, through age, mishandling, etc., are of no further use to them and which they may care to donate to this library. In such an event, I assure you, I would greatly appreciate such action. The condition or class of the books is of no moment, they will all be put to good use. Our immediate needs are for modern fiction, biographical works, technical books on almost any subject, and scientific and philosophical treatises.

K. E. WALL, *Chaplain.*

Ohio Penitentiary, Columbus, O.

Concordance to Poe

SIR:—One of the sections of the American Library Association has in preparation a concordance to the writings of Edgar Allan Poe, with myself as general editor. We should like to make certain, if possible, that no one else is working on a similar project, and would appreciate it if this notice could be given space in the columns of the *Review*. The editor would also appreciate hearing from anyone who has unpublished Poe material.

J. H. SHERA.

Scripps Foundation
Oxford, Ohio.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By H. G. WELLS. *Macmillan.* Self-revelation and comment on noted personalities of the day.

CHAPTERS FOR THE ORTHODOX. By DON MARQUIS. *Doubleday, Doran.* An entertaining satirical fantasy.

THE PROUD AND THE MEEK. By JULES ROMAINS. *Knopf.* Volume III of "Men of Good Will."

This Less Recent Book:

THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF W. S. GILBERT. *Random House.* The complete text.

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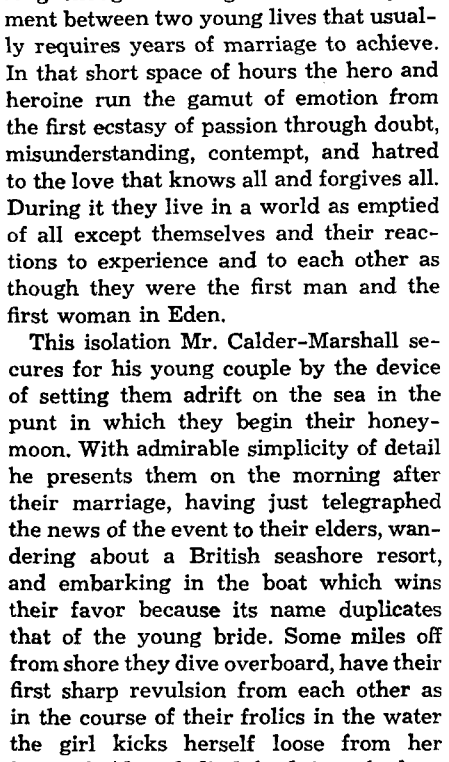
Naked Souls

AT SEA. By Arthur Calder-Marshall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MR. CALDER - MARSHALL'S "About Levy," published last year, proved him an author of discrimination and of delicate perceptions, one with an interesting technique and an artistic approach. The excellent impression created by that book is enhanced by this new novel which, like the earlier one, makes its effects by subtle strokes and depends for its quality upon the penetration of its insight and the ability to convey the kaleidoscope of emotions. The story is of the simplest, and runs its course between the morning of one day and noon of the next—a brief moment of time but long enough to bring about the adjustment between two young lives that usually requires years of marriage to achieve. In that short space of hours the hero and heroine run the gamut of emotion from the first ecstasy of passion through doubt, misunderstanding, contempt, and hatred to the love that knows all and forgives all. During it they live in a world as emptied of all except themselves and their reactions to experience and to each other as though they were the first man and the first woman in Eden.

This isolation Mr. Calder-Marshall secures for his young couple by the device of setting them adrift on the sea in the punt in which they begin their honeymoon. With admirable simplicity of detail he presents them on the morning after their marriage, having just telegraphed the news of the event to their elders, wandering about a British seashore resort, and embarking in the boat which wins their favor because its name duplicates that of the young bride. Some miles off from shore they dive overboard, have their first sharp revulsion from each other as in the course of their frolics in the water the girl kicks herself loose from her lover's hold, and climb back into the boat to find that one of their oars has drifted away. Through the rest of that day and night, with a violent thunderstorm breaking to add to their danger and excitement, until they are picked up by a rescue party the next morning, they pass through every gradation of feeling. Mr. Calder-Marshall alternates the stream of consciousness method with straight narrative and dialogue, and as the tale advances, and



ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

weariness and emotional strain take their toll of the young couple's strength, conveys the physical exhaustion that sets in with quite remarkable effectiveness as their thoughts pass from the ordered reflections aroused by their situation and reactions to a growing incoherence.

Short though it is, "At Sea" might well have been still briefer. Inevitably there is something of repetition in the progression of events. As the story shifts back and forth between the sea on which the young couple are living a lifetime of emotional experience in a day and the brief interludes on land in which the narrative is sharply focussed about the few characters—the boatman, the boarding house lady, the serving maid—who had come in contact with them before they set sail, it is rather a change of mood than incidents that marks the advance of time. Yet Mr. Calder-Marshall has so nice a psychological insight, so keen an understanding of the hesitations and doubts that must possess any soul when all except its relations to another are shorn away, that though his recital may have something of sameness in its various episodes it never for a moment loses its interest. Here indeed, is a delicate art, at once direct and indirect if so seemingly paradoxical a statement may be made. The story carries by a dialogue as straightforward and natural as that of a Hemingway, and gains body through the unspoken comments that converge on the spoken in rapid sequence. We leave Mr. Calder-Marshall's hero and heroine on shore once more, quite sure that whatever may betide in the years to come they are panoplied to meet any difficulties between them that may arise. They have seen each other as naked souls and come through the revelation to understanding and tolerance as well as love.

Mayfair Weds Horror

HELL! SAID THE DUCHESS. By Michael Arlen. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

FEW critical pronouncements are more famous than Horace's warning against the monstrous in art, expressed in the opening lines of the "Ars Poetica," yet every now and again an author who should know better has wilfully ignored the warning, and always to his cost. Mr. Arlen's latest opuscule, for example, bears an extraordinary resemblance to the "woman's fair form, ending in a foul and ugly fish beneath," which Horace specifically describes. It is a monster in the true sense of the word. It does not lack "the two great requisites of head and tail," which the Reverend Dr. Folliott failed to find in Kant; but its head and tail do not belong together. They do not even belong to the same species. And their enforced union is disastrous.

When a minor artist as skilful and popular as Michael Arlen makes a muddle of a job, we must go seeking reasons. The only reasonable explanation that I can offer of his current failure is that when he started on his way he did not precisely know where he was going. If this is injustice, it is at least charitable. I should be loath to think that "Hell! Said the Duchess" was the outcome of conscious planning and premeditation. It is more kindly, I think, to assume that the author wrote himself into a jam, and then got out of it as best he could. Whether he should have published the result of his desperate, not to say acrobatic effort, is of course another question.

But, questions aside, one fact is certain. Mr. Arlen's strange history of the Duchess of Dove—which tells how that gentle and virtuous lady was made to appear a wanton wanderer into ways of atrocious wickedness—begins as one thing and ends as another. It begins as a frivolous, worldly tale, spiced with wit, in the best vein of the author who once popularized green hats, and it ends as an excursion into that macabre realm of fiction wherein devils walk the earth and demons assume the fair forms of innocence. It begins naturally and ends supernaturally. It begins as a scandalous chronicle of Mayfair, set down by one of Mayfair's most engaging raconteurs, and it ends as an up-to-date imitation of the old-fashioned, romantic, horror story. It begins believably, and it ends unbelievably. The horror does not come off, whether intended seriously or as satire; but it does serve to spoil the taste of the humor that we have previously enjoyed. Which is a great pity, for Michael Arlen has never been more amusing than he is in certain thumb-nail sketches and cynical *obiter dicta* that enliven the earlier portions of "Hell! Said the Duchess."

Perhaps the Greeks had a word for this sort of thing. The ordinary English label is, "Neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring."

The Apostle of Common Sense

THE GOLDEN VANITY. By Isabel Paterson. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

MRS. ISABEL PATERSON is a kind of Goddess of Common Sense. Like one of Mr. Shaw's luminous heroines, Candida or Lady Cicely Waynflete, she contemplates the world with a mild impatience that people can make such a stupid mess of things; but her impatience is never more than mild, for like Marcus Aurelius she knows better than to expect stupid people to act wisely. Only, from time to time she is moved to make a criticism of society, with an extraordinary skill that makes her common sense appear positively impish.

"The Golden Vanity" is such a criticism. It covers the last years of the boom, the crash, and the period down to the present

ISABEL PATERSON

time—the years in which, like the ship in the ballad which has more than one haunting name, the *Golden Vanity* or the *Mary Golden Tree*, which sank in the Lowlands o' Holland, the whole of the New Era, when figs were to grow upon thistles and pigs run about roasted, went sinking under the sea. The book is concerned with three principal characters, women, cousins, from a lower middle-class family in the State of Washington—you would say, far enough off from the froth of New York society. They are Gina, who deliberately sets out to marry a fabulously wealthy young man, and succeeds; Geraldine, married to a professor to whom she is devoted; and Mysie, the most independent and unconventional, who is making her own way—you would say, they should find different destinies. And yet they are involved in the great shipwreck of the *Golden Vanity*. In every story is the moral, wittily phrased by one speaker after another, that a plutocracy which has wealth without either work or *noblesse* is bound to degenerate into a set of stupid, lazy, cowardly cheats, who spoil each others' lives and don't enjoy their own.

There are few greater delights in current literature than to watch Mrs. Paterson satirizing people whom she doesn't like; and so long as one is reading it is impossible to do anything but applaud the thrusts, and recognize each individual charge as true; one certainly has heard rich people, during the boom, praising Mussolini in that exact voice (what a memory Mrs. Paterson has for the injury of being bored!)—and yet on recalling the book afterward, the deflated millionaires seem a little too much lay figures. One feels that the sanctimonious old hypocrite would have more pleasure in his skill at overreaching; that Mrs. Siddall's very arrogance would have been felt more vividly than she seems to feel anything; that all the lot would either have been able to come nearer enjoying life, or, if their lives were indeed entirely futile even in that regard, that they would have had a fuller sense of the futility, like the living ghosts who stalk through the pages of Mr. Aldous Huxley. No doubt the effect Mrs. Paterson wished to give is that great wealth produces this kind of atrophy of the whole system; but one cannot quite believe in people whose emotions are all so blunted. The characters seem either to be Mrs. Paterson or not to come to life. Or perhaps it is that Mrs. Paterson's style is so scintillating that her personality is the dominant impression left by the book. In her previous novel, "Never Ask the End," so many poets were called upon to illustrate the emotions that the book seemed to dissolve like a pearl; here (where this method of heightening the emotion is used much more sparingly, and with great effect) the book breaks up into facets, like a diamond.

But the facets are brilliant; the book is one of the most continuously entertaining and irresistibly readable of the season. And if the chief impression is that of a single mind, a mind beautifully clear, witty, and sensitive, that is no small gift. It is the author's candor which prevents her from being more conclusive. The actors have had their troubles in the last five years, but they have not reached absolute tragedy; which is after all what is most true of the country as a whole. For Mrs. Paterson will not descend to weighing the chances against her characters; just once one thinks one has caught her at it, when, like Mr. Huxley, she makes Gina's child die of poliomyelitis; but at the end, like God in the Book of Job and out of it, she gives another child, and the marriage may be still be saved. A good deal may be still be saved, she plainly thinks, if people will be sensible and self-reliant and not keep making the same mistakes and stop expecting to be supported and learn to face facts. Perhaps an apostle of common sense is worth more than an evangelist of futility.

A Haunted Island

THE TALE OF A SHIPWRECK. By James Norman Hall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARCHIE BINNS

IN 1933, James Norman Hall, of Nordhoff and Hall, took advantage of a rare opportunity to visit Pitcairn Island. Mr. Nordhoff was unable to make the trip. This, I think, was regrettable. Mr. Nordhoff owed it to himself and his audience.

"The Tale of a Shipwreck" is Mr. Hall's account of his adventures and misadventures on the Pitcairn trip. It has the flavor of a business transaction carried on by one of two inseparable partners. It is an anticlimax to the splendid *Bounty* trilogy. Its interest, I feel, is chiefly in showing the effect on an author of a long-sustained successful labor on one subject. "The Tale of a Shipwreck" presents Mr. Hall as an historian, a landsman, traveling as a passenger on a small Island schooner, hagridden by the ghosts of the *Bounty's* company.

The schooner reaches Pitcairn Island and Mr. Hall spends two days ashore. But the ghosts of the mutineers crowd so thickly about him that they nearly shut out the present. The descendants of Christian and Young and McCoy appear almost as unreal as Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall have made their progenitors real. The book has important spots, but those spots are additional bits of *Bounty* history.

On the return trip from Pitcairn Island the schooner, *Pro Patria*, ran on the coral reef of Timoe, where she was abandoned. After salvaging the cargo fifteen of her company, including Mr. Hall, made the trip to Mangareva, twenty-five miles away, in an open boat. Here, and in his account of the voyage from Mangareva to Tahiti in a cutter, Mr. Hall shows himself haunted by the company of the *Bounty's* launch. Whatever he and his companions do, whether it be eating or sleeping or sailing, is compared assiduously with the same activity in the launch of the *Bounty*. They cannot even perform the most necessary and homely acts without evoking the ghosts of Captain Bligh and his men engaged in the same performance.

But all this may be carping, if not actually unfair. Mr. Hall's obsession with the *Bounty*, which spoiled his own holiday, is our gain; and going beyond this book I am thankful for the obsession that made the *Bounty* and her crew live for us again.

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Victoria's Granddaughter

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By Marie Queen of Roumania. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $4.

Reviewed by CHARLES UPSON CLARK

THIS is the story of a gay, spirited, and imaginative girl, born in 1875 into a royal family, and given a Victorian bringing-up under the shadow of Victoria herself, "Grandmamma Queen." One of the book's best stories presents Marie, then a young married woman, explaining the role of "Carmen" to Queen Victoria.

> Leaning towards me, her eyes full of dawning comprehension, she nevertheless presses me for further explanations, which, with flaming cheeks, I give as best I can. Grandmamma raises her fan to her face, she is delightfully, pleasurably scandalized, but she understands; leaning towards me, her fan still over her mouth, she whispers: "But then, oh my dear child, I am afraid she's really not very nice!"

QUEEN MARIE AND HER HUSBAND
"Our first married picture"

Marie has a bone to pick with the inadequate education of those days; but she draws charming pictures of her romping childhood in Kent, where she was born, on the Isle of Wight, and in London. Her father, the Duke of Edinburgh, she rarely saw; but her mother, only daughter of Czar Alexander II, was a martinet, and in addition careful to shield her children from any contact with the realities of life. Alas! When Marie came to bring up Carol, her first-born, she found that reasons of state took the matter out of her hands.

Marie is a clever observer and a talented writer; she takes us to many a royal gathering, with a vivid sense of the gorgeous décor and a keen summary of the characters involved, almost all related to her in greater or less degree. The scene shifts from England as far as to St. Petersburg; but she dwells most happily on Malta, her home from 1886 to 1889. Then comes Coburg; her father inherits the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and she comes to know her German cousins, from the Kaiser down, and gives us bright and amusing sketches of them. Presently, when she is only sixteen, a painfully shy young German, Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, Crown Prince of Rumania, offers her his hand, and at seventeen she accompanies him to the unknown, romantic land in whose development she is destined to play so conspicuous a part. This volume carries us only to the Great War; its story would hardly prepare us for the dauntless bravery of the lone woman sitting by the bedside of her dying Mircea in December 1916, with her husband, her other children, the army and the government already on their way from Bucharest, and the Germans bombing her palace. But she never left till she had closed Mircea's eyes; then she joined the others at Jassy and as a hospital nurse risked typhus all that terrible winter. Queen Marie has much of the theatrical in her make-up, something oversentimental in her style; but she has the root of the matter in her, and circumstances such as withered the reputations of so many of her cousins, only served to enhance her courage and her energy. This book pictures, often unconsciously, the development of that character.

Queen Marie is a born romancer—did she not begin as official teller of fairy stories to her younger sisters?—and her tale loses nothing in the recital, though we occasionally begrudge a reticence perhaps due to persons still living. The lady doth protest too much at times; but she gives us a fascinating story, sometimes in cloth of gold, often with galloping hoofs and the autumn breeze among Carpathian firs as accompaniment. She etches wonderful portraits, the most striking being those of Carmen Sylva and King Carol I, who completely overawed her husband and tried to dominate her, but finally yielded to her reasonableness. Tragedy, either in the tale or the retrospect, keeps looking in; the tragic happenings which, she hints, will be told in the later volume, have just been supplemented before our pitying eyes by her sad journey from London to Belgrade with her beloved Mignon (whose lovely child face is pictured among peonies in the book) and her eleven-year-old grandson, heir to the bloodstained throne of the Serbs.

Altogether this is an always interesting story of the first forty years of a rich life, full of amusing anecdotes and of vivid portrayals of a society now gone forever.

Charles Upson Clark, professor of languages in the City College, is the author of "United Roumania."

Tragic "Little Giant"

(Continued from first page)

down his non-success to his overweening ambition for the Presidency, attributing to it his falling between the two stools. Mr. Milton builds up a strong and impressive case to prove that this was not the explanation, but that rather he met with final defeat in his legitimate ambition to head the nation because of his rigid adherence to principle, to his strict constitutionalist point of view, and his refusal to abate a jot of his belief that, whatever the moral side of slavery, the decision as to its extension, or decrease, should lie solely in the hands of the states or territories affected. Popular sovereignty was his idol. As Mr. Milton puts it: "Douglas had often privately termed slavery 'a curse beyond comparison, to both white and black,' but he could not publicly admit this—to do so would destroy the Democratic Party as a national force, and he regarded 'the integrity of this political union as worth more to humanity than the whole black race.'"

There lies the whole explanation of Douglas's failure. Like many another he was ruined by his exalting party beyond all else. But there was no middle course possible in view of the passions of the hour, whether those passions were due to the extremists or to the fact that there was a moral and human issue involved. The latter Mr. Milton cannot see any more than could his hero. The "madness" and "fanaticism" of the Abolitionists he, of course, finds as censurable as the unreasonable hot-headed, rule or ruin disunionism of the most passionate of the pro-slavery agitators. But after all there will always be in any similar situation men and women who will refuse to be reasonable and temperate in their language when before their eyes there are millions of human beings treated exactly like animals and deprived of every right. No one can properly evaluate the course of the Abolitionists, their errors, their faults, and their praiseworthy qualities and patriotism, unless one realizes that they were so constituted that it was as if they felt each single lash upon their own bare bodies. This was the reason they could not rally to Douglas, even when he made his admirable fight against the Lecompton Constitution, even when he refused, at tremendous cost to himself—as Mr. Milton well brings out—to accept the William H. English compromise in the Lecompton matter, which acceptance would have in considerable degree headed off the intense Buchanan hostility to Douglas,—one important cause of his final defeat.

It is true that Douglas was unfairly treated when his statement that he did not care "whether slavery was voted up or voted down" was torn from its explanatory context by the Abolitionists and used with telling effect against him. But he constantly reaffirmed his belief that "be slavery right or wrong the people of every territory and state have a right to choose." And why, if he believed slavery a "curse beyond computation," should he have restricted that expression of his feeling to private and confidential conversation—if he was the great leader destined to be the savior of his country and thwarted only by politics, passion, and prejudice? Lincoln did not have Douglas's extraordinary ability in debate, nor some of his other great powers, but he finally came to the front because he refused to compromise his final belief that slavery was morally wrong, that the nation could not exist half slave and half free, that therefore slavery must be extirpated, and that national legislation to prevent its spread was absolutely essential. Mr. Milton has rendered a great service to Douglas in making us see that he would not yield an iota of his contrary belief in order to win the Presidency. But there is no doubt that if Douglas could have evaluated slavery in terms of human misery and of the suffering it involved he would have swept the North, brushed Lincoln aside, and been today—provided he had lived longer than he did—revered as one of the very greatest of Americans.

As for the Civil War, Mr. Milton puts his thesis this way:

> "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Bleeding Kansas," "Bully" Brooks's assault on Sumner, the Dred Scott case, and James Buchanan's hatred of the Little Giant—but for these there might have been no Civil War.

But when he thus blames the extremists on both sides it is only fair to ask Mr. Milton why he does not include in the causes of the Civil War Stephen Douglas's advocacy of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. It was this fatal mistake which set the North aflame at a moment when some of the bitter passions of the hour were subsiding. It does not suffice to point out, as Mr. Milton does, that Abolitionists perverted and misrepresented the facts as to Douglas's position, or to stress their uncalled for attacks upon his character and motives, and their never-ending assertion that the key to his actions was always his thirst for the Presidency. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was the right step to take from the constitutional point of view, the question arises whether it was worth the risk of rousing the North to such fury as it did.

There was nothing in the situation which compelled action on the Compromise at that juncture—three years later the Dred Scott decision of the United States Supreme Court affirmed its unconstitutionality. The original move, moreover, came not from Douglas himself, but, as Mr. Milton shows, from Senator Dixon of Kentucky. It is to the credit of Douglas's sincerity and frankness that he espoused the plan and became at once the leader of the proponents and the special target of the antagonists, but the fact remains that this move did as much to insure a bloody outcome to the entire struggle as any one thing that can be laid at the door of the extremists. Certainly Douglas understood that he was playing with fire, for Mr. Milton quotes him as saying that he was sure that it would "raise a hell of a storm." Without Douglas's prestige and championship it could never have caused the stir that it did. Apparently Mr. Milton believes that the storm was really aroused by what he characterizes as the treacherous, false, and malicious attacks upon Douglas by Salmon P. Chase, Charles Sumner, Gerrit Smith, and other anti-slavery leaders who denounced Douglas to the country in unmeasured and indefensible terms before he could state his position or his defense, *after* he had deferred the latter at their request.

This action of the political Abolitionists Mr. Milton attributes solely to their recognition of "the political usefulness of emotional hysteria" and the "possibilities of adding to their group strength in Congress" thereby. "For these reasons, as well as because of emotional anti-slavery attachments of their own, they began drafting a document." But here again the simple truth is that whether these men were good or bad, whether they were treacherous or otherwise, the emotion which stirred them came not from within themselves, but was supplied by the character of the struggle, and by the "holy institution" of slavery. Harriet Beecher Stowe could never have written her book if the basis of fact had not been there; had it been, as the Southerners charged, wholly destitute of truth, it could never have become the greatest seller aside from the Bible, and the play based upon it would certainly not have been acted continuously generation after generation to this very day. It seems incredible that, if Douglas foresaw a "hell of a storm," he could have deliberately proceeded to raise it. That the repeal of the Compromise would help to calm the South was of course the reason for it, but that was far offset by the rousing of the North and the reaction that the new outburst created in the South.

Beyond doubt the man is a fascinating study. He had good schooling, but no college training; he came of an undistinguished family from which he early cut loose (his father having died a few weeks after his birth) to make his own way in Illinois at the age of nineteen, without friends or favor to aid him. With almost no legal training he was admitted to the Bar before he was twenty-one, and within a few months he became State's Attorney. At twenty-three he entered the Legislature, soon thereafter becoming Register of the Federal Land Office at Springfield. At twenty-seven he was Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, was rewarded for his services in helping to elect Martin Van Beuren by being appointed to the office of Secretary of State, and then, still twenty-seven, became the youngest Judge of the Supreme Court Illinois has ever had. As he was leaving for the West his mother said to him: "When will we see

A CARTOON OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1860
From "The Eve of Conflict"

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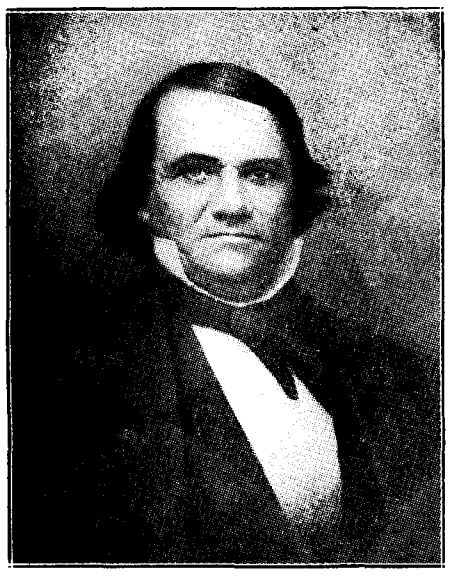

STEPHEN DOUGLAS IN 1859

you again?" He replied, "I will stop by and see you on my way to Congress within the next ten years." But for his not yet being of the legal age he would have returned to his mother within the time set as a United States Senator from Illinois. At thirty, within eleven years, this self-reliant young man returned as Congressman to visit his mother on his way to Washington, where, from the very outset of his congressional career, he was recognized as one of the outstanding figures in the capital.

A personality of extraordinary magnetism, he arrived in Washington just as the giants of the day were beginning to disappear. When Clay, Calhoun, and Webster had left the boards, this young man, still in his thirties or early forties, took front rank. Twice married, in both cases to beautiful and charming women, he became as dominating a figure in the social life of Washington as in its political. The devotion of his friends was unsurpassed, their faith in him unlimited, their certainty of the great career before him and his final victory unquenched until his death in June, 1861. The suddenness of his demise struck the North as a tragedy beyond measure. He had passionately thrown his lot with the Union; he had coöperated to the fullest degree with Abraham Lincoln, who, it is said, was so profoundly impressed with Douglas's interpretation of the military problems of the Civil War that he had intended to make him General-in-Chief. They had been political antagonists for most of their lives in Illinois, but they clasped hands when the Union was at stake. Only forty-seven when he died, Douglas might still have achieved the Presidency had he lived, though it is hard to believe that he would have played the role of McClellan and run against Lincoln at the end of the latter's first term. It is a career in which every American can take pride whatever his political views or traditions.

The weakness of Mr. Milton's volume is its style. In this respect he has failed to rise to the greatness of his subject; the inherent dramatic and tragic qualities of Douglas's life are yet to be adequately portrayed. Perhaps Mr. Milton's change of plan is responsible; perhaps he chose too great a period for a single historical volume. At any rate, one gets a feeling of undue compression and, in consequence, a narrative that at times becomes staccato. Yet we are supplied with an enormous amount of detail — perhaps almost too much for the general reader. In his future writings—it is greatly to be hoped that he will continue his historical studies—Mr. Milton should avoid the journalese entirely, and give more attention to style and movement. There are occasional repetitions in Mr. Milton's book, and the voluminous notes with which the text is magnificently buttressed, are frequently in need of revision and classification. But the book remains a monumental achievement, certain of a definite place in the ever-growing library of first-rate American historical text-books.

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Oswald Garrison Villard, grandson of the leader of the Abolitionists between whom and Douglas passed so much recrimination, is a student of the Civil War. His life of John Brown still remains the best in the field.

The BOWLING GREEN

VIII. Southern Cross

SANTA MARIA shifted her berth during the night; we woke at the Oil Company's dock where she refuelled. Rich perfume of petroleum was heavy on the warm still air. It has suddenly become intimate to me, for we have lately installed an oil-burning furnace at home. Gazing at that beautiful machine, with its various clocks, gauges, and cut-offs, I understand a little better (but not much) what McFee and other engineers have been talking about so long. You should not miss Mac's essay *Oil, and the Hairy Ape* (in *More Harbours of Memory*). "A world that, almost without comprehending, is running on oil," he says. Now, when I push up the thermostat a notch or so, and hear the answering roar of flame from down below, I feel closer to *Santa Maria* and her massive chief engineer, Mr. Giordan. It's odd to think, though, that the old musical clang and scrape of a coal shovel on cement floor, sound familiar for half a lifetime, is gone forever?

We're under way at 9 A. M. sharp, and there's the alert feeling that now we are setting off into a new world of which we know nothing, hardly even by hearsay. The islands of Taboga and Taboguilla lie on our starboard bow like huge blue crocodiles asleep; beautiful with hills and apparently little frequented. But just as we are getting out into the gulf we make a bend and come to, gently rolling, off a fortified rock. Some important passenger is to be picked up: a Colombian official, I believe, who has transshipped from some other steamer at Cristobal and crossed the isthmus by the morning plane. This gives us time to brood a little geography and note that if you want to go from the Atlantic side of Colombia to the Pacific you can best do it by way of the Canal. Now comes the *Owl*, a fast official Canal Zone launch, and our visitor climbs aboard. He has two suitcases, a roll of maps, and a clump of jazz-gourds. These, I speculate, were probably made by some instrument factory in the States to provide South Americans with their native rhythms. The necessity of furnishing other countries with their own specialties is one of the pleasantest features of international trade.

So past the Pearl Islands and onto the ultramarine Pacific. We are a week out this morning; the usual North Atlantic voyage would already be drawing to an end, but *Santa Maria* has only accomplished about a third of her southward run. The swimming tank is being filled again; the children are eager for their first plunge in Pacific water. Deck tennis resumes, and there is an increased consumption of Planters' Punches. Oldtimers on the West Coast are beginning to loosen up with some of their best yarns for the benefit of the greenhorns. Mr. O. tells the story of the U. S. consul general in a South American republic who had been too much high-hatted by his ambassador. The consul was an informal soul, the ambassador rather the opposite extreme. When the consul was moved on to another post he was given a farewell dinner by the North-american colony. All looked forward to hearing whether the departing officer would make any allusion to the personal feud. He told an anecdote of a colored preacher who was ousted from his pulpit. "Gentlemen," said the parson, "I bows to yo' decision, likewise yo' jedgement. But as I walks down the aisle of dis church, my galluses ain't fastened to the back buttons of my pants. . . ."

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Perhaps it's partly reaction after the excitement of the Canal, perhaps there really is some lulling effect in the long gentle swell of the Pacific: at any rate I remember that first day out from Panama as the drowsiest of the whole voyage. I know I slept through the boat-drill, which I had honestly meant to attend. By this time also you have probably abandoned your good resolutions toward moderation of drink and diet. Iced tea and cake in the afternoon; Planters' Punch and lower-case sausages before dinner. Or was that one of the evenings they served small hot tamales as appetizers? Certainly the most delicious cocktail companions I ever tasted. You remind yourself that life is uncertain and full of nemesis; one might as well take the fat with the lean. Nor are those before-dinner moments in the smokeroom the least instructive of the adventure. Over in one corner is the continuous hollow rattle of the dice-cup where the oil-company emissaries are playing that complicated game of wager called *Capitan Manda* (the captain orders). This is a great favorite among "tropical tramps," as the West Coast veterans call themselves; it is admirably adapted for stringing out a series of drinks over a period of time. You learn to say *Salud y Pesetas* (health and prosperity) as you raise the glass. The polite little China-boy stewards are careful to serve the cold tumbler with a tissue napkin under it; otherwise, in that moist air the condensation forms a pool on the table. But by now the younger generation, waiting with extraordinary patience in their deck-chairs just outside, have begun to look hopefully through the smokeroom window; it's time to go down to dinner; and along the corridor comes the orchestra's favorite tune—

You may not be an angel,
But still I'm sure you'll do,
And till the day one comes along
I'll string along with you.

The time will come, and soon enough (you say to yourself) when you'll have to go back to thinking. You'll even find yourself trying hopelessly to put down on paper some of this which is now so warm, humorous and actual. But for the moment you are content to live it. Also a quite new and disturbing notion comes into the mind of one who travels for the first time with offspring old enough to make their own society. He realizes his unimportance. Biologically considered he is irrelevant; of no value save as parent and treasurer.

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Perhaps by antithesis to these ideas I found in myself that night a curiosity about the stars, which had a very unfamiliar look. I was anxious to see the Southern Cross: partly literary sentimentalism (such a nice thing to write about), but I remembered how it had pleased me on the way to Hawaii. I couldn't recognize it, however, and the purser didn't seem much help in locating it, so I tackled the third officer, on duty on the bridge. After some scouting the best we could do was find two sparklers of the constellation, just setting behind a bank of cloud. I made frequent inquiries, but all the nights thereafter were cloudy, and that was my only glimpse of the Cross. Even if I had seen it I should have been very little wiser. As the shrewd Santayana once remarked, "To most people, I fancy, the stars are beautiful; but if you asked why, they would be at a loss to reply." When you see people stargazing it is customary to suppose they are filled with thought; in my own case I find that a view of sky well speckled with those pinpoints of perplexity wipes me clean of any sort of cerebration. I can discover nothing in my mind but faint annoyance and nausea. The nausea may be physical, a crick of the neck; the annoyance (or alarm?) is spiritual. This of course is when the stars are considered merely as spectacle, without any geometrical purpose.—Veils of murk rose on the horizon, lit by lightning flares.

BUENAVENTURA
(*Photo by Charles Woodard*)

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I had written the above—and then, this very night, at home, I looked out about 3 o'clock and saw Orion. His tricorn hat tilted rakishly forward, his striding feet set wide apart, belt buckled up and "knife of planets at his thigh" (as in Cornelia Skinner's fine sonnet) he was making his winter march over the dogwood tree. The hound Sirius, brilliant and quivering, trailed him faithfully. Great companion of the night! How often I have greeted him where he watches over my back door. Even more intimately than the Bear (because we can't help see him shaped so human, like a child's cartoon) he seems a comforting token of the permanence of things. Permanent enough for our purposes, anyhow—and I was sorry to have spoken too offhand. Probably it is better not to write at all about the stars.

And by the way, I have discovered the ideal name for *Santa Maria's* stargazing top deck, where the funnels are. I find it in a favorite old book, *Rollo on the Atlantic* (1858.) Next after its illustrations, the high point of that work is Jacob Abbott's joke. The pilot, "from his lofty look-out on the paddle box," calls out "Port!" The officer on deck, and then the helmsman gravely repeat the order. But a "dashing-looking young man," walking on deck, ejaculates "Sherry!"

"Whereupon," says Abbott, "there was a great laugh among all the passengers around."

It is painful to think that some of our own cherished cracks will seem just as flat 75 years hence. But anyhow Rollo has an excellent name for that topside promenade. He calls it the "smoke pipe deck."

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The next day was Sunday: an air both brisk and balmy, soft and sugared like honey. Far off to leftward, mountains wreathed in cloud. The Andes! This was evidently to be a day of doings: the swimming tank was roped off and on the rail above a sign

PELIGRO! *No se aproxime*

translated crisp and sailorly as *Danger! stand clear*. After breakfast we were going up a broad river, strangely tropical in look. It was low tide, the Blue Pigeon (the sounding lead) was flying; the leadsman calling up to the captain: "By the mark five, sir." "A quarter five, sir." On a muddy beach a tiny cabin on piles and thatched with leaves showed against the jungle backdrop. Paddling thence came a cayuca, a dugout canoe hollowed from a tree-trunk; two colored men plying long spear-blade paddles, and the colored pilot. *Santa Maria*, slowed down, was still moving faster than one supposed; or perhaps it was the stream of current and ebb: the cayuca wedged under the grating at the foot of the gangway ladder. The thin cigar-shaped canoe upset, one man for a moment caught under the grating. They wriggled nimbly and the dark pilot came pattering up, wet and grinning. Their paddles had floated away: the cayuca was hoisted aboard in a sling, one man riding its slippery bottom like a monkey. The drama of the scene was in the wives of the trio, who had rushed out of the thatched cabin with dogs and urchins and ran knee-deep into the water to watch. Through binoculars the anxious stillness of their attitude was eloquent. That black woman standing against mud and jungle with her hand unconscious on her frightened heart gave the tropic scene a human gloss. Wives are the same everywhere.

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A street in Leipzig has been named after Karl Baedeker, the originator of the famous guide-books. Herr Baedeker was a native of Leipzig, and his publishing business is still carried on there.

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HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue, New York

Finality and False Starts

WOMAN OF THIS EARTH. By Frances Frost. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER LAING

CONSULTING his own advantage, how often should a poet publish? Is the model to be Housman, with two books in a long lifetime, or Byron, with twenty in a short one? If the poet's mind and interests have a Byronic range, wit, and objectivity, quantity may be justified. "Woman of this Earth" is its author's fifth book in five years. Her first, "Hemlock Wall," revealed an unusual and valiant personality, with interests mainly pastoral. The themes of physical love and parenthood have taken increasing place in the later volumes, but always in a way related to New England earth. The scene remains always provincial, the approach quite subjective.

These are sufficient reasons for asking whether the matters that interest this poet could have been resolved, so quickly, into enough mutually distinctive poems to fill five books. Either she or her publishers must have faced the question; for her new book is presented as *a poem* in six parts reflecting separate areas of a woman's life, thus indicating a wish to have it considered as an objective work, distinct from its forerunners. Nevertheless, it differs so little from "Blue Harvest" and "These Acres" that it would be very hard to say from which book a poem picked at random had been read. The same themes have been repeated again, in lyrics of the same character, arranged this time in chronological sequence.

I am assuming that it is the function of the lyric poet to make final utterance, for his own age and idiom, of a given theme. The best of poets have made false starts toward that finality, which is the very reason why it is unwise to publish books of lyrics too fast upon one another's heels. The germ of the final poem is in the first draft, which, if it has been published, makes the poet reluctant to employ what may have been its best lines in a final version; but the first form has not purged him of an item of vital interest, so he plays variations on a theme, each inhibited by its predecessors. Excluding her first book, and one for children, that is what Frances Frost has been doing all along. It is a pity, because scattered lines and images prove that she has the aptitude of the fine poet, without his iron conscience which forbids the publication of tentative versions and says farewell forever to any theme, once it has been well done. It may be that a too ready welcome in the magazines explains the relaxation of the scrupulous young artist of "Hemlock Wall" into the prolix and repetitious writer of "Woman of this Earth." It would have been hard for any young poet, in these pinched years, to refrain from supplying a good market; but a poet's final success is built upon his books, and a good book is something far more than an arrangement of magazine offerings.

Here is a fragmentary illustration. On page 18 appears the phrase:

> Your heart's dark double stroke, driving the proud shaft of breath. . . .

which perhaps may be considered a begging of the metaphor. On page 23 we find:

> the heart importunate
> which still survives the blood's imperious wars,
> still takes the sharp-drawn breath immaculate
>
> into the ancient rhythm of its valves,
> and feeds the veins and air on one another.

Finally, on page 44:

> the little rivers of your blood
> run toward the wild embrace of breath.

Here is an exercise in the growth of a metaphor: at first inspirational but of uncertain validity, then fully but diffusely stated, then in essential and terse finality. It would be good to have all three versions, in worthy surroundings; but each embellishes an otherwise rather ordinary set of verses. The stuff which, if steeped and mellowed in the tranquil recollection of emotion, might have made one superb poem, has come out in three diffuse versions, no one satisfactory throughout. An overt hint of general laxity appears in the fact that in most of Miss Frost's recent work rime is turned on and off for no apparent reason. There is a "sonnet" with two unrimed lines; and rime appears, rather as a confusing interruption, here and there in what otherwise would be competent blank or free verse. Admitting that rime is one of the lesser ornaments of poetry, the fact remains that its scattery use is apt to remind one of the back of a dowager's dress with some of the golden buttons missing.

This carping would be pointless were it not for such indications as those quoted above that Frances Frost perhaps still can become an important poet. Twice in "Woman of this Earth," on pages 35 and 43, appear finished poems that have a flavor of finality. Twice would be often enough, in a first book; in a fifth, it is not.

For Future Historians

EVERY DAY IS SATURDAY. By E. B. White. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE clever editorial paragraphs under "Notes and Comment" on *The New Yorker's* first page are written by one of the most brilliant men on its staff, one E. B. White, co-author with Jim Thurber of "Is Sex Necessary?" and author of much delightful verse, some of which you will find in "The Lady Is Cold." "Every Day Is Saturday" is a selection from those same hebdomadal paragraphs.

Most of us have marvelled that one man could conduct the procession of those paragraphs every week with such sapience and humor as Mr. White has evinced. Now, in the "Acknowledgement" of his book, he modestly calls attention to how other people in some degree have constantly contributed to the ingredients of his columns. No contemporary commentator of the kind is methodical. He gathers his material "from a thousand mysterious and unremembered sources." Quite true; but the force of Mr. White's comments has not depended so much upon his material as upon his way of using it. "In my Utopia," he says, his anonymous helpers "would all receive a twenty-dollar gold piece and be called directors" of his book. That's all right, too; but the fished-up murex is entirely Mr. White's.

It is his civil way of presenting some of the most astonishing phenomena of our time that has endeared Mr. White to his audience. Take, for instance, almost at random, this paragraph on Education, from the notes and comment of 1931 (for this book gleans from 1928 down to the present):

> *June* 6. There is enough of the Greek in us to make us eager to chronicle the progress of education in our great universities. Two events of the week deserve mention: one is the recognition by N. Y. U. of outboard motor-boat racing as a minor sport; the other is the award of honorary degrees by Oglethorpe University to Dorothy Dix, Barron Collier, and Ivy Lee.

The beauty of Mr. White's comments is never garish or flaunting. What he has to say is said rather quietly. In speaking of Hollywood's strange preoccupation with wild animals, for instance, he is led naturally along in the course of a sentence to speak of "tigers fighting with elephants, elephants wrapped around snakes, snakes wrapped around babies, babies wrapped around Beatties," and attains this final felicity, so-to-speak, in his stride. Then, in listening to the mechanical voice in the Paramount Theatre that is likely to inform you at any time, "You have just thrilled to the acting of Claudette Colbert," he notes the restless stirring of drugged thousands and concludes:

> This continual assurance, from an invisible source, that we were giving way to our emotions, at last had its effect: tears fell from our eyes and as they fell they turned to marshmallows.

This is the best guest-room book of the year or of the past ten years, for the guest can open it anywhere and begin reading. The only trouble is it will probably keep him wide-awake and chuckling instead of properly putting him to sleep!

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Caesar's Turn

TROS OF SAMOTHRACE. By Talbot Mundy. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

THIS is a good year for Roman novels. After "I, Claudius" and "Rome for Sale" comes this adventure story which, beginning in Britain at the time of Cæsar's attempts at conquest, shifts to Spain and then to Rome. In the process, Mundy gives a picture of western Mediterranean life in the first century B.C. which has more illusion of reality than any other known to this reviewer, illuminated with a profusion of characters of many races who carry that same conviction of truth. Most notable and most unusual is Julius Nepos, trainer of gladiators and jailor of the Roman arena, but there are dozens of minor characters who fit into the background and help to make it. Such a picture could have been drawn only by a man who knows not only his Roman antiquities, but the modern Levantine cities in which something of the old Mediterranean life still lingers.

As adventure, the story should be read as it was written, in pieces. It is an assemblage of eight or ten novelettes, written in sequence as part of one continuing story, but each building up to its own climax. There is plenty of action, perhaps too much and too intricate intrigue; reading the whole four or five hundred thousand words in one piece, the reader may feel a lack of continuing and culminative action. Also, not all readers will share the author's admiration for Tros, the Greek navigator who for personal and religious reasons tried to save Britain from Cæsar. Tros patterned his behavior on the wily Odysseus, but to impartial outsiders he may look a bit more like the pious Æneas, with a touch of Admiral Byrd and Frank Merriwell. But any shortcomings in Tros are more than made up by Mundy's picture of the other principal character in the book, Cæsar himself.

When these stories had their magazine publication, Mundy's picture of Cæsar, as a personality and as an embodiment of the tendency of his time, aroused a furious controversy among readers; after two thousand years, people still seemed to feel as violently for or against Cæsar as in those days they were feeling for or against Al Smith. Well, this is not all of Cæsar, but it is one side of Cæsar, Cæsar as he might have appeared to one who was threatened by Cæsar's advance and who thoroughly disagreed with Cæsar's ideas. To impute to Cæsar a plan for dictatorship and world conquest, so early as 55 B.C., is probably unhistorical, but permissible to a writer of romance; aside from that, Mundy has caught perfectly the aspects of Cæsar that interested him—his ruthlessness, his resource, his immense charm, his restless and detached intellectual curiosity. Perhaps only another Cæsar could set down all of Cæsar; but this, if not Cæsar as he was, is certainly Cæsar as he must have seemed from a certain viewpoint.

So with Tros's (and the author's) detestation of Roman imperialism and zeal for the self-determination of nationalities, even small barbarian nationalities. In the long run, both Gaul and Britain were certainly better off under the Romans than under self-government; but in the last and worst years of the Republic men had to think in the short run, they could not foresee the honest and efficient rule of the early Empire. As with Cæsar—this is not all of Roman imperialism, but it is an aspect of Roman imperialism; one that was either invisible or negligible to the Romans, but that presented itself very vividly to the people who happened to stand in Rome's way. Tros may be something of a prig and Mundy's ancient Britons may be somewhat maliciously patterned on modern Britons; but their story is a valuable contribution to the understanding of history.

Readers who want to follow the further antagonisms and reconciliations of Tros and Cæsar will find them in the author's "Queen Cleopatra," published a number of years ago.

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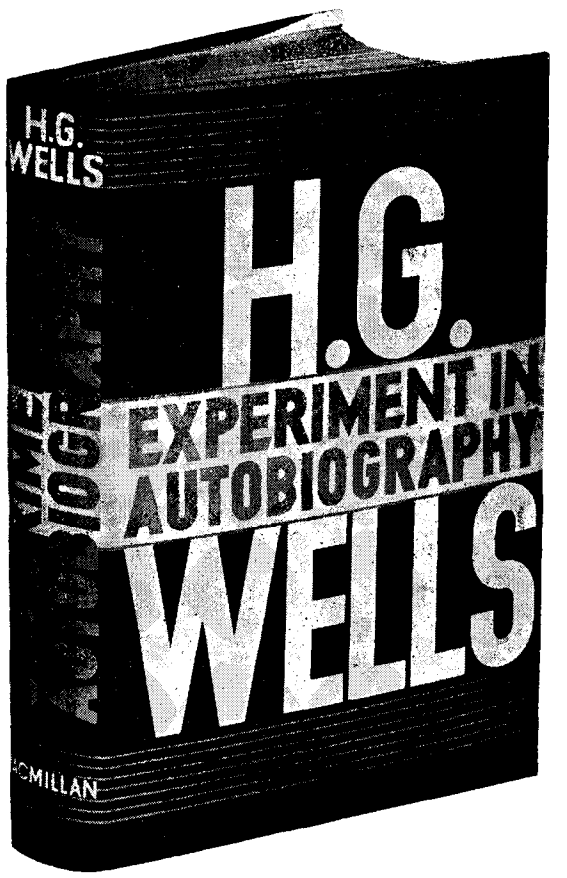

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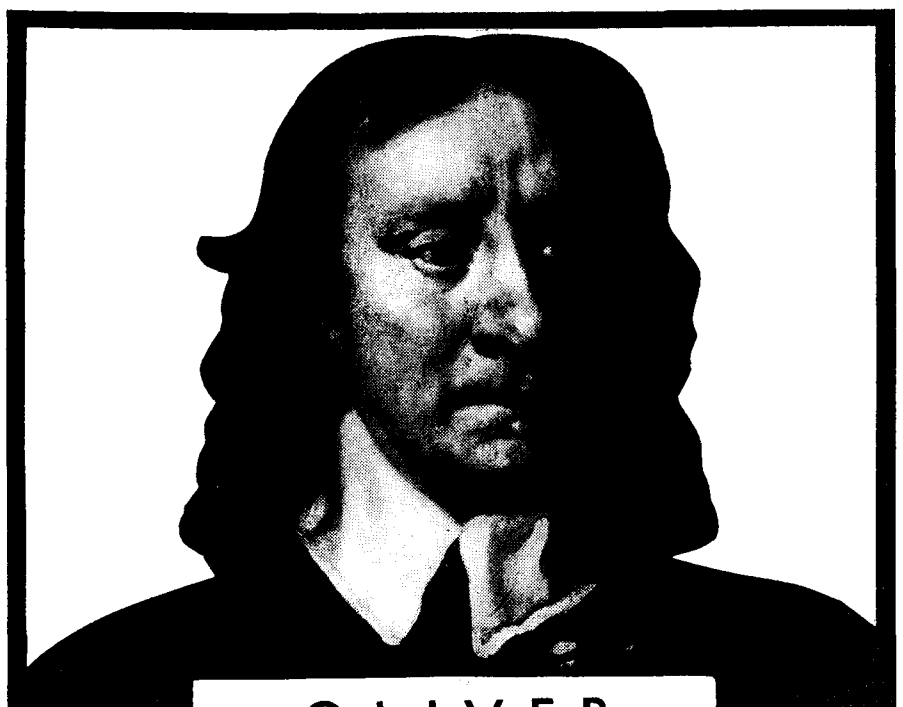

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Problems of Geography*

By ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

THE recent crop of books on geography shows how rapidly this oldest of the sciences is still growing. The books range from the history of early geography down to the modern concept of geographical regions, land utilization, and a philosophical statement of what geography has not done and cannot do, but yet perhaps may do after all. In "The Making of Geography" Professor Howarth first takes us back to those curious old maps where people put their own home in the center of the world and surrounded it with a circle of rivers in the case of the river-dwelling Babylonians (2700 B.C.), or with the stream of ocean in that of the sea-dwelling Greeks. This old tendency to make one's self the center is still as strong as ever. It explains why Professor Vance in his admirable book on "Human Geography of the South" rebels at the idea that the climate of the South is anything but the best, and why Professor Whitbeck begins his pleasantly written treatise on "The Geographic Factor" with Wisconsin, his home state. It also explains why Professor Bryan in a highly original and inspiring study of "Man's Adaptation of Nature" accuses the vast majority of geographers of "woolliness" because they do not follow his pet method of approaching the subject. In the same way, Dr. Bowman in one of the most philosophical and stimulating of geographical books, "Geography in Relation to the Social Sciences," draws three-fourths of his examples from marginal areas or pioneer belts where the geographical environment still baffles human ingenuity. For years he has been studying such places so that he naturally and quite properly refers to a few million Indians in the Andes twice as often as to the two hundred million people in Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and their smaller neighbors. To each of us apparently the world still centers where our thoughts chiefly dwell.

Another most suggestive fact brought out in Howarth's historical sketch is the repeated backward steps. For example, nearly five centuries B.C. the Pythagorean school considered the earth a globe. Two centuries B.C. Aristarchus of Samos held that the earth revolves around the sun, and Eratosthenes of Alexandria calculated the earth's circumference fairly accurately. But later savants measured the circumference much less accurately, and then the earth for more than a thousand years became flat and ceased to revolve around the sun. Bowman fears that something similar is happening again today, for sweeping generalizations, "horrible examples" whose nature is not divulged, and mathematical correlations between human activities and the geographic environment seem to him to have gone so far as to injure the progress of geography. Nevertheless, he is hopeful, for "the focus of interest has shifted from the broad generalizations to the life of regions that can be studied according to well-defined techniques. Only as one builds up a succession of realities can one expect sounder generalizations to come eventually."

As we come onward in the history of geography the stream of ocean still flows around a flat earth but is continually pushed back by the progress of discoveries. Then Columbus opened the gate to enormous progress in exploration and discovery, and also in the art of making maps to represent a curved surface, but theoretical analysis and broad generalizations like those of the Greeks disappeared. Here Professor Howarth drops the story and Professor Dickinson takes it up. In addition to exploration the increasing accuracy of physical measurements and the improvement of maps are the main features of the growth of geography for three centuries after 1500. Then Humboldt and Ritter came upon the scene; man rather than nature became the center of interest, and anthropogeography arose. Finally Ratzell crystallized a philosophy of geographic determinism. In America this reached its flower in Miss Semple, whose writings imply that man's actions are almost completely determined by his geographic environment. Beyond this point Professor Dickinson's treatment breaks down into a welter of references, but he has prepared us for the books that follow.

The first part of "The Geographic Factor," by Professors Whitbeck and Thomas, illustrates the reaction against the deterministic point of view. It also stresses a new phase of geography in which human health and the effect of climate upon the physiological processes of man as well as of plants and animals come to the fore. "Speaking in a broad sense," they say, "geographic environments do two things: (1) They offer man the *stimulus* of varying degrees and kinds of opportunity, and (2) through climate, affect his energy, health, and enterprise, and hence modify the extent to which he utilizes his natural opportunities." In other words, a poor environment permits man to choose only among a few modes of life, for other modes, though possible, are not practicable. In a rich geographic environment, on the contrary, a vast number of ways of living and working are almost equally practicable. Man's choice depends largely upon the stage of cultural development which he happens to have reached. But climate, as well as the relief of the earth's surface, the soil, the minerals, and the distribution of land and water, is part of the geographic environment and it acts with special efficacy to help or hinder man in utilizing the land or other resources according to the method of his choice. In spite of occasional lapses, Whitbeck and Thomas make man's choice of opportunities their main thesis. Although the book contains little that is new, it provides an excellent summary for the layman who wishes an interesting account of geographic principles.

Such principles do not comprise the whole of modern geography. Necessary as they are, they reach their full fruition only when they are used as a help in preparing regional discussions. In other words the main object of modern geography is to do what Professor Vance has attempted in "Human Geography of the South" and Mr. Newman, as editor, in "Virginia: Economic and Civil." The object in each case is to describe and explain the relation between man and his physical environment in some region with definite geographical characteristics. The book on Virginia forms an encyclopedic compendium of highly varied information. If synthesized and explained by an expert geographer this would give an admirable picture of how man has been influenced by the physical environment of that state. Similar information ought to be available for every state in the union.

In "Human Geography of the South" Professor Vance has attempted such a synthesis and explanation on a broader scale. He is hampered by being a sociologist rather than a geographer, and in some places one feels that he is merely supplying the reader with valuable but not fully digested information obtained from other people. Nevertheless, the book is remarkably full and reliable, and many chapters are highly interesting. It deserves special credit for its broad view of the whole problem and for insisting that man's own diet, health, and energy are even more important than the corresponding conditions of the crops. Every thoughtful visitor to the South, and every southerner who wants to improve his home region, ought to read it.

The last two books on our list break new ground and rank among the outstanding recent contributions to geography, but this very fact means that it is easy to criticize them. Professor Bryan's book on "Man's Adaptation of Nature" furnishes good evidence of the lusty growth of geography. Far too much attention, he says, has been paid to the effect of physical environment on man and not nearly enough to man's influence on the environment. Look out of the window. If you are fortunate, you see a house, a lawn, a street, some trees standing in a row, a garden, or a field. If you are unfortunate you see merely stone, brick, mortar, city streets, and factories. How much of absolutely pure nature untouched by man do any of us see? What moves in our landscape? Mainly motor cars, railway trains, people, and animals harnessed to vehicles. Not much of pure nature in any of these. So geography, says Bryan, ought to begin with the man-made landscape and de-

*THE MAKING OF GEOGRAPHY. By R. E. Dickinson and O. J. R. Howarth. New York: Oxford University Press. 1933. $3.
VIRGINIA: ECONOMIC AND CIVIL. Edited by C. W. Newman. Richmond, Va.: Whittet & Shepperson. 1933. $4.
HUMAN GEOGRAPHY OF THE SOUTH. By R. B. Vance. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1932. $4.
THE GEOGRAPHIC FACTOR. By R. H. Whitbeck and Olive J. Thomas. New York: Appleton-Century Co. 1932. $2.25.
MAN'S ADAPTATION OF NATURE. By P. W. Bryan. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1933. $3.50.
GEOGRAPHY IN RELATION TO THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. By Isaiah Bowman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $2.25.

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vote itself to explaining the relation of this landscape to what he terms the natural landscape. In reality we ought to begin sometimes with the man-made landscape and sometimes with the other. Both points of view are necessary to a well-rounded science. Although Bryan's book is not easy to read and will not appeal to the layman, it is bound to have a profound and valuable effect on geographers.

A recognition of the many ways in which the subject of geography may be approached is an outstanding feature of Professor Bowman's original little book on "Geography in Relation to the Social Sciences." "Earth and man toss the ball back and forth," he says. "We require therefore a technique of research with respect to man and a technique with respect to the earth and a third technique that is adapted to the study of diverse man living upon a diverse earth." He likewise insists that geography is not a simple science and never can be because all sorts of factors combine to produce the observed results. Many things in this book will be quoted not only because of the author's position and achievements, and because they are well worth saying, but because they are said with a delightful mixture of wisdom and humor. Moreover, the book will arouse discussion and thus prove stimulating. For example, is it true that since "good taste and beauty are not measurable quantities, most travelers' descriptions of scenery have no place in scientific geography?" Perhaps, but if nine out of ten travelers consider a place beautiful, that fact possesses scientific importance no matter how poor the travelers' taste or how hard the task of measuring it.

And how about the following?

> This varied earth is obviously related to or tied in with the culture, the thought, and the habits of men—but little in some places, much in others.—In Utah man's struggle with his natural environment determines the trend of his education. The trend of education is a different story in the case of the six millions of people in New York City, where the social environment is so much more significant than the physical.

And again

> The physical framework has no necessary relation to the political or the industrial framework of later development.

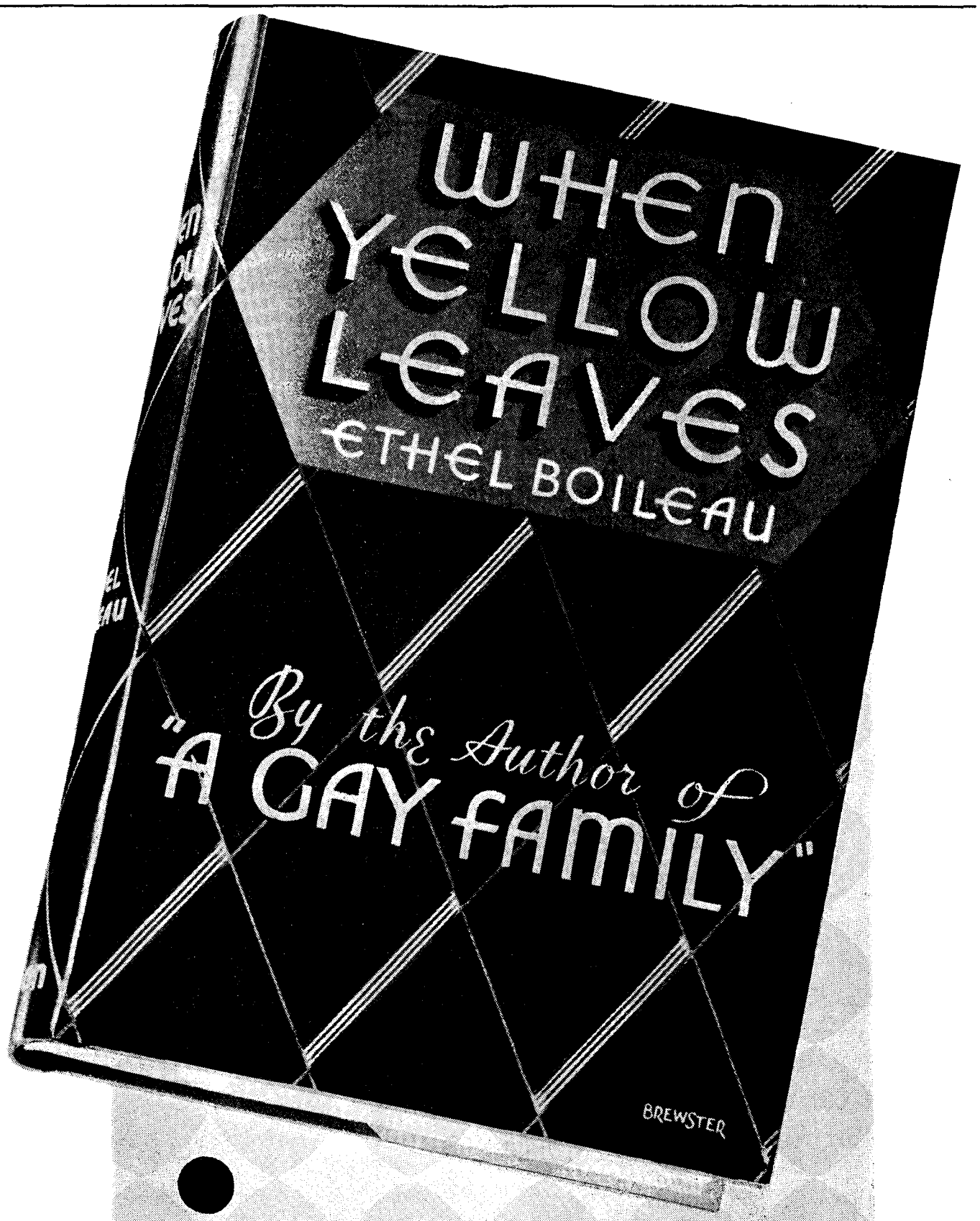
These and other passages seem to imply that as man grows in culture he becomes more independent of geographic environment. But Bowman himself places the following quotation from James Bryce at the head of one of his chapters:

> The relation of man with Nature, changed though it be, is really as close as ever, and far more complex.

That is the point. The relation is as strong as ever but has become difficult to fathom because as civilization becomes more complex, the area which influences a uniquely placed city like New York becomes constantly larger. But eliminate the Hudson Valley, put the coast line twenty miles farther out than at present, and lower the temperature ten or fifteen degrees and see what happens to New York's social environment. New York would then be a response to a very limited environment, and would probably be somewhat like an inland village in Nova Scotia.

Again one might ask why the author continually mentions climatic relationships as seen in deserts, forests, agriculture, and many other phenomena, but nowhere really discusses climate. He gives no hint as to techniques for studying this phase of geography, although far less important techniques such as aerial photographs for map making are carefully considered. A similar condition prevails as to soils and waterways, while mineral resources are dismissed very briefly. The reason for this, as for a similar condition in Bryan's book, is largely that the latest enthusiasm in geographical circles is the study of land utilization. This involves concentration upon relatively small units of space and often leads to disregard of the broader factors which explain why the utilization varies so enormously from one great part of the world to another. Time will correct this tendency, just as it is correcting similar tendencies to over-emphasize relief, climate, and soil. Moreover, one cannot say everything in one short book. There are two kinds of superlatively good books: those like perfect logarithmic tables which are absolutely correct, and those like the ones under discussion which advance so many new ideas that they are peculiarly open to criticism.

Ellsworth Huntington, research associate in geography in Yale University, is one of the outstanding authorities on the influence of climate on races.



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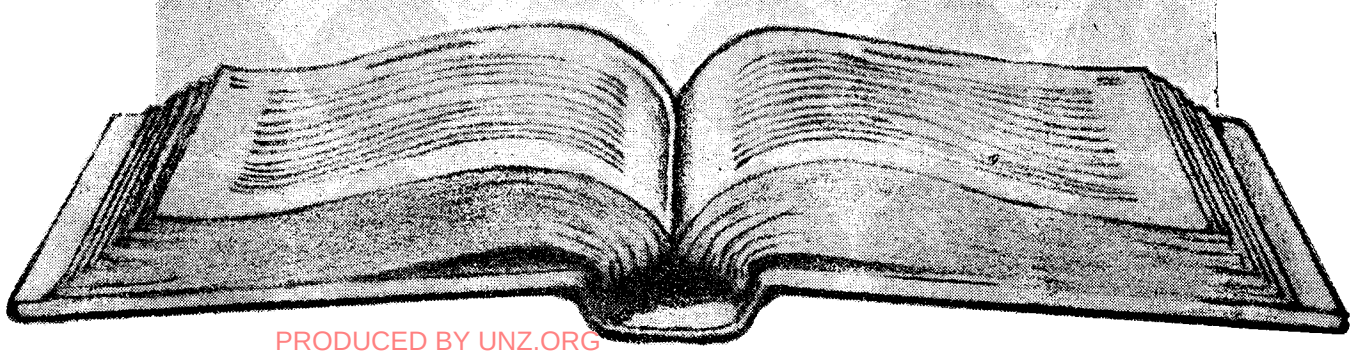

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American Literature in France

By H.-R. LENORMAND

THE attraction between France and America, like all attractions, gives rise to injustices and misunderstandings. It is certain, however, that since Baudelaire and his translation of Poe, which made so great an impression in France, the French have had attentive eyes for American literature. How extensive is their knowledge, and what are their preferences, in contemporary American writing?

In general, the French read American authors only in translation. To some extent, then, their taste is affected by the choice of translator and publisher. And heaven knows how hard it is to preserve beyond these mediaries the values of the creative writer, exempt from practical considerations. I remember my attempt, when I read "An American Tragedy," to share my conviction of its greatness with the director of a Parisian publishing house. The considerations which later led another publisher to undertake its translation were dictated by the success which the book was enjoying in Central Europe. Because of the commercial point of view which the publisher imposes, it often happens that the public estimates a foreign literature by its least significant works. It is not the fault of the French reader if adventure stories and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" are offered to him instead of Louis Bromfield's "Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg"; it is not his fault that he will probably never read the books, so deliciously local in flavor, so firm in style, of Mary Austin. The same is true with English novels; in my childhood, translations of Wilkie Collins were enormously successful, while George Meredith and "Wuthering Heights" remained unknown.

The prevailing ignorance of English among French readers sometimes results in their holding a different opinion from that of American readers about the same book, as the style of the translator differs from that of the author. It is easy to see how the genius of Baudelaire could render the spirit of Poe so that his stories are masterpieces in French as in English; another, merely respectful, translation might have consigned them to oblivion. On the other hand, in the case of Dreiser, I have noticed that many American readers fail to appreciate his quality because of his style; in translation this obstacle is removed. (Incidentally, it is to Dreiser's style that the Americans say they object; I wonder if this is not a pretext for a more subtle and unconscious resistance to his material.) In any case, the question of translations makes it impossible to attempt any general psychological comparison of the French and the American reader; I must limit myself to a discussion, necessarily incomplete, of the reception of American books in France.

As every one knows, the adventure novels of Jack London and James Oliver Curwood are enormously popular among French readers. Their popularity, if not so great as that of Mark Twain, considerably surpasses the vogue of Bret Harte when it was at its height. Jack London has even influenced some of our writers; Constantin-Weyer, a recent winner of the Prix Goncourt, owes something, certainly, to the author of "White Fang." And I believe that the Parisian public is passionately devoted to American detective stories; my ignorance of this field prevents me from mentioning specific authors and titles.

The French public reads, with evident pleasure, the novels of Sinclair Lewis, whose position was strengthened when he was awarded the Nobel Prize. Perhaps the average Frenchman, not unconscious of the caricatures made of him in other countries, is glad to discover that America can produce a bourgeois type even more ludicrous. It must be interesting to the Frenchman to realize that in a country so curious, so badly understood as America, there are millions of Babbitts, products of that industrialism which the European both fears and admires. He is horrified by the thought of a future which will destroy the personality and the culture of the individual; but he foresees his own destiny in the present state of America's development. That is why Sinclair Lewis finds an eager audience in Europe.

I believe the success of Dreiser's novels —particularly "An American Tragedy"— among cultivated readers is of a different kind: that it is the result of the creative power of the novelist, which has given life to characters who take their place in the portrait gallery of fiction with those of Balzac, Flaubert, and Dostoievsky. Those French readers who respond to the atmosphere and the artistry of a novel, to its ideological extensions, enter into the drama of fatality in "An American Tragedy" as into that of a Greek tragedy. Puritanism and religious fanaticism, projected as the instruments of individual destruction, and as forces of dissolution which menace a people, are tragic elements to which we in France respond strongly. The emotional impact that was produced by "The Scarlet Letter" was enough to make predictable the success of "An American Tragedy."

Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio" has been read here with sympathetic admiration. When his other books are known, he will undoubtedly take an important place; he should certainly be one of the most popular American authors among French readers.

Whether or not there is such a thing as an "advance literature," there does exist an "advance public"—a public which publishers and theatrical producers have had in mind in issuing certain works, some of which, ten years after their appearance, might well seem artificial and dated. Such novelists as Dos Passos and Hemingway have somewhat profited by this audience. "Manhattan Transfer" caused a real sensation (which, incidentally, in my opinion, was entirely justified.) The composition of this excellent novel in successive images gave rise to much discussion and to comparisons with the technique of the cinema, which was just beginning to be taken seriously.

The case of Faulkner is entirely different. While "Sanctuary" has not reached the public at large, it has made a great impression on French writers. Poe is always alive in our minds; Lanvière has just consecrated to him an imposing work, devoid (at last) of accusations and of systematic idealization. Faulkner was immediately recognized as belonging to the tradition of Poe, because of his power, and the means he uses, to transcend reality: his insistent brush-strokes, his repetition, his minuteness of detail—so many procedures turning their back on realism, but leading miraculously to a world of nightmares. This technique of hallucination and this constant exhalation of fright, naturally place Faulkner in the succession of the master of horror.

I do not know whether the public which reads Julian Green is conscious of his double origin. I have been acutely so, particularly with his early novels; and I do not know whether he is to be placed among those French novelists who are influenced by the American genius, or among the Americans nourished by the spiritual climate of France.

Our knowledge of the American theatre is naturally very incomplete; it is much more difficult to produce a foreign play than to translate a novel. One name, however, is written large in Paris: that of Eugene O'Neill. It must be said, in justice to Gaston Baty and to the late Firmin Gémier, that they were the first to introduce O'Neill in France, with the production of "The Emperor Jones" at the Odéon. A public accustomed to the melodramas and bourgeois comedies of the Odéon repertory (imposed by a direction previous to that of Gémier) was more surprised than pleased by the play, in spite of the excellent acting of the Negro, Habib Benglia. Later, Pitoëff produced "The Hairy Ape," making the mistake of casting himself in the title role, for which he was not the physical type. I have tried in vain to persuade Baty to put on "Strange Interlude." This play, and "Mourning Becomes Electra," must find their producers and actors, and will enjoy the same success as in New York, as soon as the condition of the Paris theatre is less precarious.

Another important playwright, Elmer Rice, saw the success of his "Adding Machine" at the little Studio des Champs Elysées. Unfortunately, "Street Scene," weakened in translation and production, did not find the same response in Paris as in other European capitals. One little theatre put on "Circles" by George Middleton; another tried out Hatcher Hughes's "Hellbound for Heaven." . . . With "The Trial of Mary Dugan," which made money, that's about all. It is regrettable that the Parisian stage is not equipped for "The Green Pastures." As for "Tobacco Road," as powerful a tragedy of decay as I know of, its chances of success are limited in a

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city where the plays of Synge could never acclimatize themselves.

In spite of the small number of significant American works produced here, in spite of the deluge of musical comedies with the Broadway trade mark, the French in general feel both confidence and curiosity in regard to the American theatre. Critics like Fortunat Strowski are fighting enthusiastically for the new American drama; directors like Baty and Pitoëff are ready to renew their efforts; René Rocher and Henry Bernstein have opened the doors of two Parisian theatres to American plays. If my own taste were consulted, I should choose for production, in addition to the plays already mentioned, Dreiser's admirable tragedy, "The Hand of the Potter," and one or two of his smaller "Plays of the Natural and Supernatural." What the French public probably would not like are such plays as "Men in White," devoted to the photographic representation of a profession or a milieu. And plays with a thesis, some of them heard with the liveliest interest in New York, would only make Paris yawn.

The new American poetry has remained, unhappily, altogether unknown. We still read Mallarmé's translations of Poe, but since Whitman, we know nothing of America's lyrical production.

Such, in general, is the French reader's acquaintance with American literature. To the readers of this *Review*, it will no doubt seem incomplete and capricious, and so it is. But with the passage of time, which gradually removes the prejudices between two peoples, the average Frenchman is getting a better idea of American civilization; and this works in favor of American writers. Looking backward, we see that what France has retained of the nineteenth century literary production of Germany, England, and Russia is—with the exception of certain authors impossible to translate or to acclimatize abroad—exactly what those countries have retained themselves.

* *

H.-R. Lenormand, the French playwright, recently made a trip to this country. Among his plays which have been translated into English are "Failures" and "Time is a Dream."

The Study of Art

ART-HISTORY AS AN ACADEMIC STUDY. By Roger Fry. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. 75c.

Reviewed by PEPPINO MANGRAVITE

SOME of our politically inclined educators have considered the study of art a "frill," but we may console ourselves that most institutions of learning in this country recognize the importance of a course in art history. The indifference to this study on the part of English schools and universities has long been criticized and lamented by English scholars.

Mr. Roger Fry, the eminent art critic, has been a champion of the cause of art education in England. In the present volume, which is a reprint of an inaugural address delivered last year in the Senate house, England, Mr. Fry makes a plea for art history as an academic study. The lecture is characteristic, bringing to the fore once again the varied knowledge and sensibility he displayed in his books "Vision and Design" and "Transformations." But in this pamphlet of about fifty pages of text he introduces a new note, that of a philosophy for a systematic course in art history. This reviewer's enthusiasm for the way Mr. Fry presents his argument is unbounded. No summing up of his ideas, nor any amount of eulogizing of his method would convey his point to the reader of this review, as clearly as does the following quotation:

> If ever there was a study which, needing as it does the coöperation of so many sciences, would benefit by sharing the life of the University, it is surely that of Art-History. . . . Now when we come to compare our attitude towards scientific truth on the one hand and the truth of esthetic judgments on the other we note one fundamental difference of supreme importance. Nature levies a very heavy tax on those who fail to acquire exact scientific truth of her processes. . . . Our innate curiosity and desire for truth are thus powerfully reinforced by Nature's sanction. But erroneous judgments in art do not bring on epidemics. Science concerns the relations of man to his environment. Art is purely a family matter among human beings.

The reviewer feels, now, that even unbounded appreciation of the ideals set forth in Mr. Fry's lecture is not enough. It should be read and carefully digested by educators and indeed by all who are interested in any way in art history as an academic study.

Policy and Strategy

HIGH COMMAND IN THE WORLD WAR. By W. D. Puleston, Captain, U. S. Navy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by MAJOR DONALD ARMSTRONG

HIGH COMMAND is a nebulous expression with a variety of meanings. To Captain Puleston it evidently signifies the direction of affairs exercised by those leaders of a nation who control its internal political acts, its external diplomacy, and the activities of all its armed forces. These soldiers, sailors, and statesmen decide on a particular form of strategy, or diplomatic or political pressure, after weighing the merits of all possible combinations of employing the national strength. Now this conception of high command is little different from that in "Henry VI" where the future course of events is being debated:

One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtained.

But if the World War proved anything, it showed beyond cavil that high command now has the additional functions of directing and controlling the nation's industries. It demonstrated the novel characteristic of modern war, that big factories are as essential to victory as the big battalions, and that peace may no longer be obtained by a nation without effective plans for mobilizing its industry, its labor, and all elements of production. Since Captain Puleston wrote his book with the avowed intention of helping the average American understand the failures of the war leaders, it is unfortunate that the great lesson of the war concerning the importance of industry to high command should have been overlooked.

On the other hand the "World War" ordinarily means the events from August 1914 to Nov. 11, 1918. There is nothing nebulous about that. When the events of 1917-18 are dismissed in two pages with a few other relevant remarks elsewhere, a large and important part of the World War is omitted from adequate consideration. From the point of view of this book, the omission is serious, for in these slighted two years the discordant High Commands of the Allies travailed and eventually brought forth that unity of command without which victory could not have been won.

Within the limited scope indicated, Captain Puleston considers the activities of the military and naval forces in the principal and minor theaters of war, and the relation of national policy to military and naval operations. The introductory study of the political and diplomatic background leading up to the war is adequate as far as Great Britain is concerned. It might have been advantageously expanded to include an analysis of the astonishing German diplomacy concerning which Prince von Bülow has written: "Those who in 1914 had the direction of Germany's policy were neither cunning incendiaries nor ruthless swashbucklers—they were fools." A diplomacy that underestimated the potential force of Great Britain and of the United States is a fruitful example for future generations.

In the description of the Battle of the Marne, Joffre is largely given the credit for victory. Without belittling this great leader, we still believe that Frederick the Great was right when he admitted "the omnipotence of Luck in matters of war." Luck plus General Gallieni had an important share in the German retreat in 1914, and the omission of all reference to General Gallieni's role in planning and executing the maneuvers that made it an Allied victory is not easy to understand.

In spite of its omissions, the book contains many sound lessons concerning national policy and strategy. There is much food for thought on the wisdom of keeping the politician out of strategy and the strategist out of politics. The doctrine is unmistakable that wars cannot be won by armies or navies alone (or even by a glorified air force alone), but victory is gained by the coöperation of the army, navy, and air forces, added to a judicious guidance of national policy by statesmen and diplomats. Many parts of the book, such as the description of the Battle of Jutland, and the explanation of the activities of the British fleet, reach a high degree of excellence. It is a generally satisfactory narrative of world war strategy prior to America's entrance.

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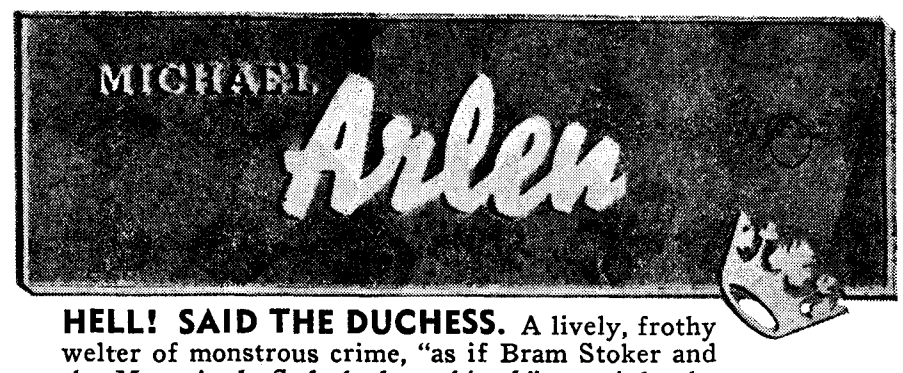

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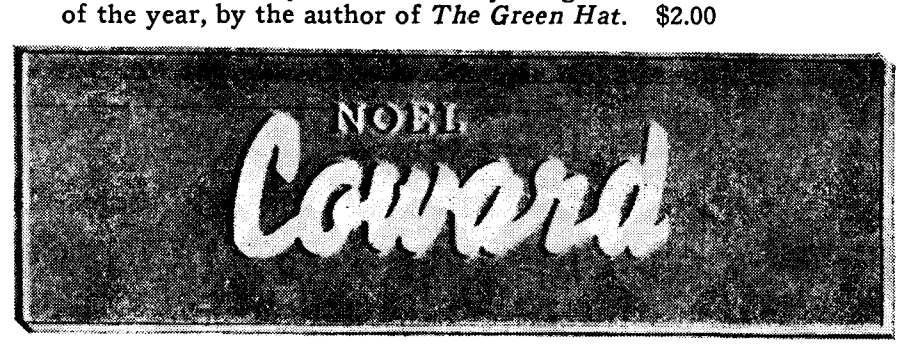

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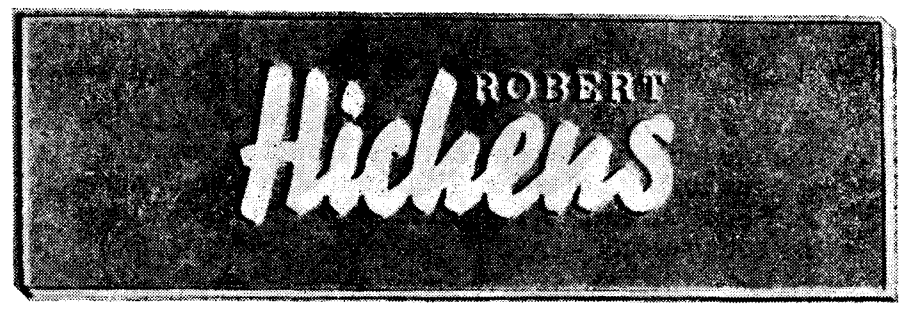

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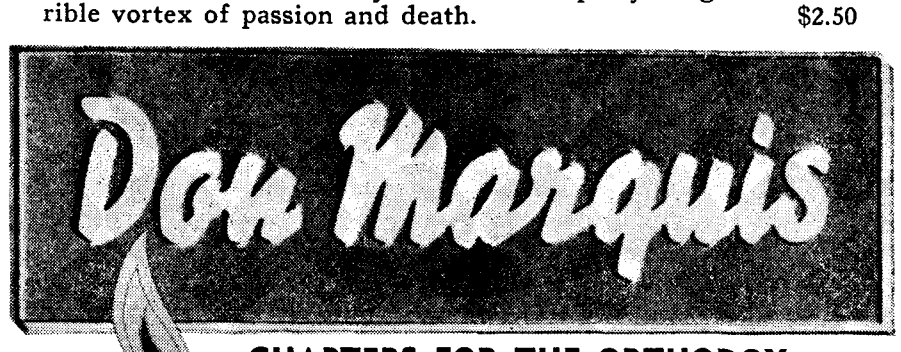

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News Reel of the Past

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT. By Robert Bernays. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by HELEN HILL

THE form of this book is succinctly stated in the first lines of the author's preface: "'Special Correspondent' is not an autobiography. Still less is it a history of the last three tremendous years. . . . What I have tried to do is to convert my experiences and impressions into a cinema reel of contemporary events."

Mr. Bernays's decision to give his material such a form is regrettable, for its contents merit better treatment. When the pages take a personal turn, on the one hand, and when the chronicle is accompanied by critical comment, on the other, his narrative springs into life. But when Mr. Bernays retires behind the crank of his projector and becomes merely an operator returning a reel of the past, the impression given is like that of the morgue of a news reel company or a collection of old newspaper headlines.

Judged by the material it contains rather than by its general form, however, the book has two kinds of interest—it is interesting when considered as either of the two types of writing which its author says it is not.

The publisher's blurb is for once not exaggerating when it says that Mr. Bernays has the uncanny faculty of the born newspaper man for being in the right place at the right time. The events of Middle-Europe are the events which are setting the tempo of the Western world these days, and Mr. Bernays has hardly missed one of the personalities and occurrences which have rung the recent changes in Germany and Austria.

The current history which forms the substance of the special correspondent's dispatches takes on a further significance when the book is regarded as biography. Mr. Bernays's trip around the world was the equivalent of the old grand tour of the young Englishman about to enter political life. But it was undertaken, not as part of a normal preparation for public service but because political division to left and right had reduced the young candidate's party to a fragment, and because the world depression of which that division was in part a symbol had forced the consolidation of London's two Liberal papers with a resultant cut of thirty per cent in staff. The world tour, 1930, was an alternative to unemployment at home, a gamble that feature articles from afar would pay their way.

Such was the harsh background of this prelude to politics of a young M.P. who, one gathers, still reddens rather easily in spite of the poise induced by the Presidency of the Oxford Union. The two adjacent sketches of Australia, "Gate-Crashing the Governor-General," which describes luncheon at the races with the wrong dignitary, and "House Full," which describes the Australia infelix found in the bush by boy immigrants from dead English towns, outline the contrast between contemporary England and England of before-the-war which is implicit in chapter after chapter of the book. The contrast is between life according to the old forms, and life for which the old forms are empty, with the young man's apprenticeship in the first continually interrupted by the necessities of the second.

Undoubtedly the most interesting of the sketches are those in which Mr. Bernays openly recognizes this contrast, and discusses it so far as Parliament is concerned. He is peculiarly qualified to speak on this question, since he is one of the post-war generation who "believes in the old-fashioned nineteenth century creed of peace and freedom" while realizing "how dangerously these ideals are challenged today and how disastrous it is to human happiness when the challenge is successful." His impressions as a new member picture the great men in the Parliamentary game, growing older now, and separated by the gap of the lost generation from the "second eleven" under thirty-five whom Mr. Bernays would like to see put in. He sees the flicker of the Reichstag fire on the windows of the Mother of Parliaments. But he does not believe the fire will catch.

After reading his last pages, one turns again to Mr. Bernays's account, early in the book, of his first meeting with a Nazi student:

> The only decoration on the walls was an immense map of Germany, with the lost territories marked in red. The mantel piece contained one photograph, that of Adolf Hitler. . . . He asked me what I thought of his room, and how it would compare with that of an Oxford student. A little embarrassed, I replied, "I like it. It represents many of the qualities I admire in your nation—its simplicity and its hardness. Of course in Oxford the average undergraduate's room, if I may say so, would be more comfortable than this. . . . Quite likely there would be flowers on the table. There would certainly be books. You have not any books, have you? There would be pictures on the walls——" "Yes," he interrupted. "Pictures of actresses, I suppose. You English are soft."
>
> I was so taken aback by this outburst that I did not answer for a moment, and he was silent. Then I said, "I think that is the most terrible remark I have heard since the war, for it tells me that history is repeating itself—and it hardly bears contemplation of what the result will be."

A Friend in Need

THE CONCISE OXFORD FRENCH DICTIONARY. Compiled by Abel Chevalley and Marguerite Chevalley. New York: Oxford University Press. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by ALBERT FEUILLERAT

THIS new French Dictionary does not attempt to solve any linguistic problem; it does not even purport to be historical in the presentation of the chronological development of meaning. The aim of the compilers has been simply to offer translations bringing out as closely as possible the equivalence between French and English words—translations which are not only accurate but also concise, avoiding periphrases whenever one word is enough to express the meaning, and nicely differentiating the various uses.

In this hunt for precise translations the compilers have not been satisfied with simply exact renderings. They believe that "the value of an English translation lies in the similarity of its impact on the English mind with the impact of the original on the French mind." Hence their effort to discover in all cases the most colorful expression. Take, for instance, the phrase: "Chacun fait comme il l'entend." "Everybody does as he thinks proper" is a fairly good translation, but it does not convey all the shades of meaning in the French phrase. For this reason "Every one according to his lights" is to be preferred, for, besides having a proverbial ring, like the original, it takes into account the fact that *entend* also means *comprend*, and that the French expression does not imply so much morality or will as enlightenment. These are no doubt niceties, but it is such niceties that give a translation its flavor and its freshness, and in this case they certainly are one of the most striking qualities of this dictionary.

"The Concise Oxford French Dictionary" is presented by the publishers as being a companion to the "Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English," and this defines pretty well the scope of the work. Old technical terms, whenever they are of small use, and simply curious archaisms are omitted. But the greatest care has been taken in collecting words that record recent inventions of science or industry, such as terms relating to motoring, aviation, etc.; in adding to the vocabulary of trade, modern psychiatry, housekeeping, dressing, gastronomy, etc.; in including familiar and slangy words. The last-mentioned section of the vocabulary will be particularly appreciated by readers of the works of writers such as Carco or Céline, for they know by experience how insufficient a knowledge of classical or literary French can be when one is confronted by the linguistic audacities of certain modern French authors. Another useful novelty in this dictionary is the "danger signals" which call the attention of translators to what has been felicitously termed "false friends," that is to say those words that sound or spell alike in English and in French, which indeed meant the same thing at one time but have so much diverged in the course of their development that they now have widely different meanings (*e.g. dérider*=to cheer up and *to deride* = to mock). Lastly, the pronunciation of each word is indicated according to the system adopted by the *Association Internationale de Phonétique* which is so simple that it can be mastered by only looking at the keys at the bottom of each page.

The Oxford Press is to be thanked for bringing out this handy volume, including in little more than 900 pages as many as 40,000 words. It will be most helpful both to students and translators.

Albert Feuillerat is Sterling professor of French at Yale University.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

THE most intellectual poetry of the day blends with the metaphysical; and what do we mean when we say metaphysical? The Oxford dictionary gives such definitions as "abstract general reasoning," "incorporeal," "visionary," etc. When we think of the workings of the intellect, on the other hand, we are apt to think of reasoning as logical, something of scientific accuracy — though I doubt if reason has ever been so. All subjective or self-involved poetry is different from this, being in a sense metaphysical or visionary. It is not exact, like demonstrations in mathematics — though the higher mathematics that deals with things imagined to be so, may also be said to be metaphysical, for surely that is "abstract general reasoning." Genevieve Taggard, in her anthology, "Circumference," an anthology of metaphysical poetry, included the most diverse exhibits under that term.

Then, also, we find some poets dealing only with what the world conceives to be actual fact, exposition from which all trace of the visionary, they hope, has been extracted. This is not in accord with the principle significant in the writings of the Irish bishop Berkeley, that "no object exists apart from mind. Mind is, therefore, prior both in thought and in existence, if for the moment we assume the popular distinction." Berkeley's universe was pervaded and regulated by mind—"a living active mind is looked upon as the centre and spring of the universe, and this is the essence of the Berkeleian metaphysics." And this is what I understand to be meant by the metaphysical in poetry, though the principle may be expressed diversely. Berkeley's attacks on the infinitesimal calculus and upon the higher mathematics are beyond me to understand, even as are they, save that I understand that the Bishop demonstrated his own ignorance in a good many ways. But today one of the most interesting of the younger American poets, *Elder Olson*, in his "To Man" and his "Essay in Deity," from his book of poems, "Thing of Sorrow" (Macmillan), sets metaphysics before us again:

Yet since he everywhere,
In water, land, and air,
Move as everything—
The gull on stony wing,
The sliding rock, the fish
In the sea's dim mesh—
Then, minute breast of bone,
Behold how all unknown
You drew him home as breath
In crystal lapse and flood.
Heart that refuses God,
You bear him for your blood;
Obdurate mouth, he is
The food that fed your hunger.
Deny him then no longer;
You took him for your bread.
Behold how unaware
In breathing the wild air,
In seeing, being fed,
In knowing even now
These words, this mist and snow,
These birds at the earth's rim,
Whether you will or no,
You have accepted him.

That to me is the kind of assertion that distinguishes the metaphysical poet from the poet who prides himself upon being purely intellectual. And the property of the metaphysical poet is rhythm, the pulse of things, whether it be the dance of electrons in the apparently passive stone, the the movement of planetary systems, or the beating of the human heart; whereas the modern intellectual poet has almost entirely lost or discarded rhythm.

Elder Olson's book is important; and yet it is likely to be overlooked in the presence of work by other young poets of the day. It is important to me because of its metaphysical properties and because of the distinguished beauty of its writing. Indeed, Mr. Olson writes with so rare a distinction, albeit he has no great range as yet, that he awakens new hope for American poetry. There are some strong young men coming on. *Paul Engle* has had his extraordinary wave of appreciation; *Kimball Flaccus*, whose work I am not reviewing today, is of great promise; but Elder Olson is far more the mature artist than either, though his vitality seems to be lower than that of the others. It seems to be, yet is it? He is clear, he is immediate, yet the subtlety of his mind is apparent. The shape of his phrase is hard to alter, his epithet is excellent, he is more truly interior than either one of the others, and may go farther.

THE WESTWARD STAR

From the entirely subjective I turn to an entirely objective book. *Frank Ernest Hill*, poet, editor, anthologist, analyzer of the American spirit, has now written a novel in verse which, while not perhaps distinguished for the quality of its poetry, is well executed for the kind of thing it attempts. Its title is "The Westward Star" (John Day). The particular irregular rhyme-scheme Mr. Hill has adopted, and flexible metre, both contribute to the direct forcibleness of his narrative, although I think that the irregularity of the rhyming occasionally causes an interruption in reading when the ear anticipates the rhyme and the eye searches for it. This may be hypercriticism, and applicable only to those with a special interest in the technique of verse, who are apt to examine such a medium for narrative with particular concentration. I should say that, for most readers, the story will probably flow along without this impediment. It is a story well told, and the long trek of the covered wagons across our early West is well described in detail.

Mr. Hill has obviously engaged in considerable research for this work. We know from his introductory note that certain letters and diaries furnished him originally with valuable first-hand material. But properly to use such material in creative work bespeaks an especial gift, and we have far too few examples in modern American poetry either of the proper use of indigenous material or of the narrative art. Mr. Hill has the gift of the true story-teller, and he also fully appreciates the epic background of the period of American history that he has chosen. He appreciates it without being sentimental about it. His object is to show in his long poem the true nature of the pioneer and, among other things, the variety of types of people who crossed the plains. He attempts to be factual rather than romantic.

The love story of the book involves people well-portrayed in a setting well-described. The entire naturalness of the dialogue is hardly ever sacrificed to the exigencies of verse. We get to know Celeste and her mother and Emmet Walker as well as one does the characters in any good novel. Mr. Hill has delved into their personalities and moves through their environment with thorough understanding and the ability vividly to visualize for the reader the daily life of those who travelled Westward in covered wagons. He also possesses a sense of structure and a sense of drama.

The book merits quotation to indicate the manner of its verse narrative. First consider this unusually good description:

The cone of dark above the land
Was crumbling over a rising surge of light;
In the gray air darkness and day hung blended.
Misshapen earth groped through the shattered night,
Took massive shapes in Emmet Walker's sight:
The silent, far-extended
Arc of the Platte,
Dim water under mist wool-white, etc. etc.

The increasing hardships of the trail, the almost incredible obstacles that arose, the enmities engendered, the struggling on of depleted caravans, the crossing of barrier mountains, finally the terrible resistance of the snow and cold—all these things are graphically set forth, and the love story, amid all this incident, grows steadily to its climax and attains a pitch of great poignancy. Nevertheless, I feel that the latter part of the book becomes somewhat monotonous and droning. The verse is throughout well-knit, but its power of variation is limited.

I do not think that this is our great Western epic, but I think that epic may come to consist of many parts, by many hands, and that perhaps this may be one part, one piece of the whole. In any event, it is good to see a few of our poets turning away from parasitism on European culture, and from various kinds of literary snobbery, and honestly attempting to deal with large historic things.

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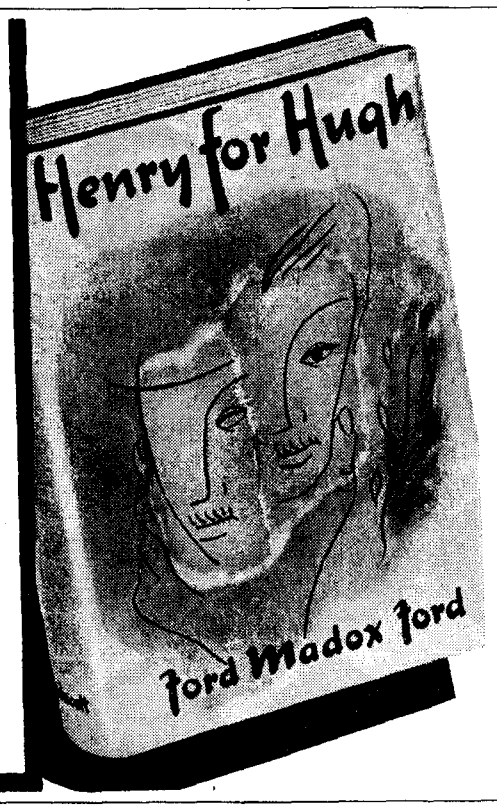

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The New Books

Education

EDUCATION OF PRIMITIVE PEOPLE. By Albert D. Helser. Revell. 1934. $3.

Dr. Helser is a missionary among the Negroes of Nigeria, and in this volume he has outlined informal "project" teaching for native schools, describing actual situations in his own experience in Africa. The book, therefore, in spite of its title, refers only indirectly to the kind of education a native child gets in his own community and from his own people—an education which all primitive people carry out in different ways, passing on their native lore to the next generation,—but is a handbook for missionaries and administrators who are the representatives of the white man's civilization among native tribes.

The virtue of the educational method Dr. Helser outlines is that it concerns itself almost exclusively with native habits of life, and is therefore as nearly as possible the education which a child would get under optimum conditions in his own home and from his own people. The crafts projects are those which are traditional in his tribe, the agricultural projects run through the difficulties which beset the native farmer, the health projects are situations drawn from the life of the people. Their own folktales are used to point moral and practical issues, just as African folktales have been used for centuries at native firesides. The school children's expeditions are to native craftsmen, to stimulate their ambition to do work like that of the acknowledged masters, or to native homes, to fire them to desire for themselves the neatness and prosperity of a well-laid-out compound.

The school objectives, therefore, are those of the native, and the school makes use of the same materials. The white teacher has merely thrown his own prestige back of the ideals of the native and added certain commonsense standards and elementary facts of sanitation.

This volume will be suggestive to educators in native communities, and those whose lot has fallen among tribes where life is still sufficiently healthy and vigorous can hardly do better than to adapt its quiet program to their own uses. Those whose problems, however, are of a different kind, who must face the problem of a disintegration in tribal life that denies the child the possibility of a life of self-respect within its confines, will have to write other books offering other solutions. In any case the first requisite for an intelligent program, one which is assumed in the present volume and which it is quite outside its scope to discuss, is a kindly and intimate knowledge of the ways of life and ideals of the native culture. Once that has been achieved, the educator may at least have some reasonable hope of solving his problem.

R. B.

Fiction

ALAN BRECK AGAIN. By Arthur D. Howden Smith. Coward-McCann. 1934. $2.

Andrew Lang unearthed the facts about the highly-placed traitor to the Stuart cause who operated under the name of "Pickle" and who more than any one else was responsible for destroying the Jacobite intrigues and preventing still another rising after the '45, at the outbreak of the Seven Years' War. Robert Louis Stevenson received his researches, and planned to make of Pickle the Spy another Master of Ballantrae, but died before he could carry out his plan. Now Mr. Howden Smith has written a romance based upon Lang's researches, and has introduced into it Stevenson's great character, Alan Breck Stewart. Mr. Smith's story is told by a young Scot living in the American Colonies, whose father possessed the secret of a buried hoard of gold destined for the use of Prince Charlie, and had bequeathed the secret to him. When Alan Breck comes to tell him that the time has come, he goes over sea with him to find it, accompanied by an Indian brave whom his father has taught not only to speak English with a strong Scots accent, but to speak Gaelic also. There is a secret, hunted journey after the treasure, a plentiful provision of odd characters and adventures, and in the end the inevitable defeat is softened by the reflection that perhaps it is just as well.

It is always dangerous to challenge comparison with a masterpiece in this way, and especially rash to do so with a book which finds most of its readers at an age when they are wholeheartedly ready for enchantment. It may be that "Kidnapped" is not so fine a book as we remember it, and that "Alan Breck Again" is nearer it than it seems to me; it may be, in short, that we are doing Mr. Howden Smith an injustice by not being fifteen now that we read his book. But certainly it seems that "Alan Breck Again" is most successful in the passages where it least resembles its predecessor. The journey across country, especially, constantly suggests, to its disadvantage, the vastly more urgent, more perilous Flight through the Heather; and as for Alan Breck, he does everything but come to life and convince us that he *is* Alan Breck. Where it is less encumbered by the giant's robe, this is a good, readable adventure story, and there are never too many of such. There are so many characters and incidents, all well imagined if sometimes extravagant, that one feels that the author's invention is quite great enough for him to rely on it more completely than he has done here.

B. D.

ONE OF US. By Ernest Poole. Macmillan. 1934. $2.50.

There are many members of the antiseptic school of fiction, and their names are great in the land. For one reader of the brilliant and slightly spoiled novels of William Faulkner, you will find a thousand who swear by Harold Bell Wright, Warwick Deeping, Temple Bailey, and Clarence Budington Kelland. Ernest Poole stands among these, and they have one attribute in common, an attribute that makes for wide sales and temporarily lasting popularity—an ability to see life through rose-colored spectacles.

Ted Gale is a country storekeeper, and every page of "One of Us" is seen through his kindly "philosophic" eyes. He recounts his ups and downs, his trials and tribulations, his worriments and moments of happiness in words that have, through the

(*Continued on page* 250)

Double-Crostics: Number 31

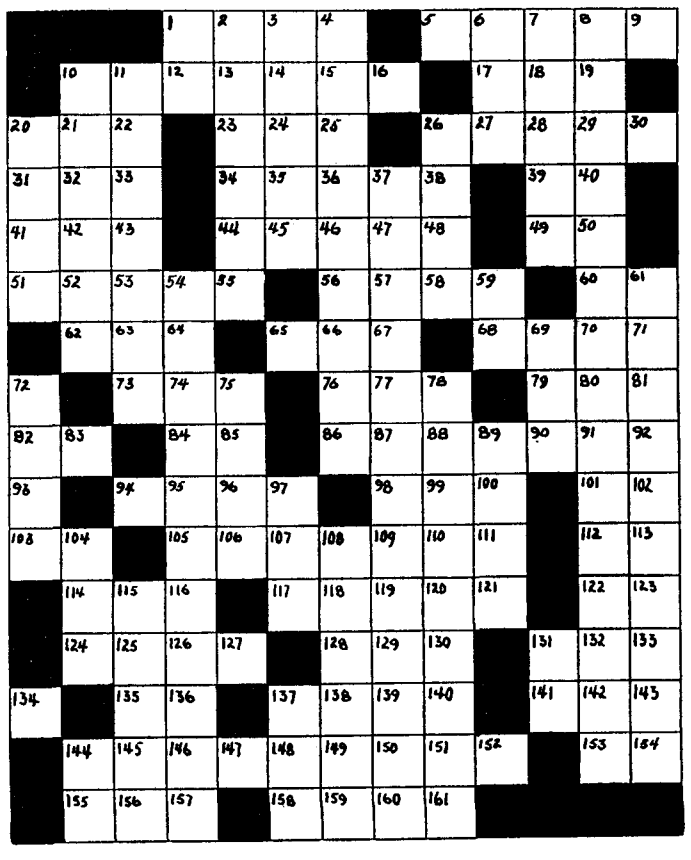
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-eight words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 145-48-26-36. Heroine of a Wagner opera.	_ _ _ _
II. 91-125-40-8. To take off or put off.	_ _ _ _
III. 1-88-81-152-109-12. Gravity, import, burden.	_ _ _ _ _ _
IV. 132-137-72-51-3-59-27-66. Heathen devotee.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
V. 16-159-54-111-14. A loop for snaring.	_ _ _ _ _
VI. 64-20-74-108-115-6. Chinese dynasty.	_ _ _ _ _ _
VII. 65-123-136-61-55-146. To yield, furnish.	_ _ _ _ _ _
VIII. 158-43-22-13-63-149-104. Species of blackbird.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 120-102-93-31-11-105. Food ceremoniously clean.	_ _ _ _ _ _
X. 142-130-58-37-100. To move with exertion.	_ _ _ _ _
XI. 90-7-53-29-103-150-96-140. Pertaining to a Balkan country.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 19-39-117-92-147. Acted dully, without spirit.	_ _ _ _ _
XIII. 60-89-5-62-155-15-121-97. Most compact.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIV. 17-107-69-49. A circular nimbus.	_ _ _ _
XV. 46-35-138-30-160-118. To pass or glide away.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 33-52-9-24. Ingredient used in brewing.	_ _ _ _
XVII. 73-127-101-112-56. Enthusiastic, burning.	_ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 82-47-94-23-122-151. English scientist (1642-1727).	_ _ _ _ _ _
XIX. 139-70-79-86-34. Insects of order Hymenoptera.	_ _ _ _ _
XX. 18-21-50-67-131. To derive by reasoning.	_ _ _ _ _
XXI. 76-57-25-154-71. The act of stealing.	_ _ _ _ _
XXII. 156-119-41-95. Form of the verb "to have."	_ _ _ _
XXIII. 98-143-106-114-42. Projections on a rake.	_ _ _ _ _
XXIV. 129-84-68-110-75. Desired with anticipation.	_ _ _ _ _
XXV. 78-113-85-135-28-134-124. Exertions, attempts.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXVI. 2-148-10-144-157-44. Member of a Semitic tribe.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXVII. 153-126-38-4-80-161-87-133-141-77. Eight and a third %.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXVIII. 116-32-83-45-128-99. An ordinal number.	_ _ _ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 30)

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY—"ADONAIS"

The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

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Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

COMMUNISM, RUSSIAN AND OTHER

P. H. of Escondido, Calif., *wants some books on Russia and communism. "The experiences of Aunt Lettice in Red Russia, or What Is This World Coming To, don't appeal," he says. The social, political, and economic attitudes of communism is what he wants.*

THERE'S a little book issued by the American League for Democratic Socialism, SOCIALISM, FASCISM, COMMUNISM, by J. Shaplen and D. Shub, that might be a good thing for P. H. to glance through to get a bird's-eye view of his subject. He would be wise, too, to read John Strachey's THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR POWER and THE MENACE OF FASCISM (Covici-Friede). Mr. Strachey's books are perhaps the most brilliant expression of communist doctrine as Young Britain sees it. So far as communism in America is concerned (and P. H. inquires about that, too) he would do well to procure REBEL AMERICA (Harpers), by L. Symes and T. Clement. On Russia, of course, there is a wealth of literature. Aside from such more general works on the Soviet Republic as Maurice Hindus's THE GREAT OFFENSIVE (Smith & Haas) and William H. Chamberlin's SOVIET RUSSIA AND RUSSIA'S IRON AGE (Little, Brown), in which Russian communism may be seen under way, there are more detailed studies like A. Rosenberg's A HISTORY OF BOLSHEVISM FROM MARX TO THE FIVE YEAR PLAN (Oxford University Press), THE WORLD REVOLUTION AND THE U.S.S.R. (Macmillan), by M. T. Florinsky, a survey of the Communist Party, and THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION, 1917-18, which Stanford University Press has just brought out under the auspices of the Hoover War Library. This is a collection of documents and other materials, and should be of much value to the searcher for authentic data. A useful little book, published only a few days ago, is THE MEANING OF MARX (Day), edited by Sidney Hook, a symposium which presents the various facets of communism.

THE NOVEL OF THE SOIL

"I am interested in novels," writes E. L. J. of Rolla, Mo., "like Knut Hamsun's GROWTH OF THE SOIL *. . . possibly* LAMB IN HIS BOSOM *seems to be of the same school, modified by the saga influence of Sigrid Undset. Will you list some in your department?"*

The novel of the soil has long been a favorite in Europe, but it is only within recent years that it has risen to importance in America. When it arrived in this country, it arrived with a bang, and for the past decade has increasingly usurped attention. Yet even now, the farm has not had the epic treatment which it gets in such works as Hamsun's GROWTH OF THE SOIL (Knopf), in the novels of Thomas Hardy, or in Reymont's THE PEASANTS (Knopf), which a few years ago carried off the Nobel Prize for literature. These are excellent foreign works for E. L. J. to take under his wing. He should read, also, some of W. H. Hudson's works, if he wishes to secure an insight into life on the land in South America, and would do well, for Great Britain, to read such books as Eden Phillpott's THE GOOD RED EARTH and CHILDREN OF THE MIST (Harpers), and Sheila Kaye-Smith's SUSSEX GORSE (Knopf) and JOANNA GODDEN (Dutton). THE GOOD RED EARTH reminds me of that other study of farm life, so deservedly popular and so impressive in its delineation of an alien civilization, Pearl Buck's THE GOOD EARTH (Day). There is life lived under distant skies, among a people very different from our own, yet the novel holds attention and moves emotion by the universality of its interest and of the experience it depicts. One of the earliest of the writers on the soil to command recognition in America was Hamlin Garland in his PRAIRIE FOLK and ROSE OF DUTCHER COOLEY, tales of the prairie in which the author no longer, as the earlier romancers had done, glossed over the monotony and frequent sordidness of country life. Garland, indeed, mild as his realism seems in comparison with such a book as Erskine Caldwell's TOBACCO ROAD, was violently decried, at the time his novels appeared, for his naturalistic approach. Whatever an earlier day may have thought, however, the present is fairly well persuaded that the life of the farmer is not all beer and skittles. One novelist after another depicts the struggle with the elements, with poverty, with solitude, that is the lot of the tillers of the soil. Willa Cather's O PIONEERS (Knopf) had an epic quality that offset starkness of episode and Ellen Glasgow's BARREN GROUND (Doubleday, Doran), to my mind the best of her books, struck a valiant note that lifted it above a drabness of life it made no attempt to conceal. Following after these books came others, vivid in the very monotony of their scene and the tussle with the elements they depicted,—Edna Ferber's SO BIG (Doubleday, Doran), O. E. Rölvaag's GIANTS IN THE EARTH (Harpers), a portrayal of Norwegian settlers in Minnesota, Cornelia Cannon's RED RUST (Little, Brown), Leroy MacLeod's YEARS OF PEACE (Appleton-Century), Gladys Hasty Carroll's story of Maine farm life, AS THE EARTH TURNS (Macmillan), Marjorie Kinnan Rawling's tale of Florida, SOUTH MOON UNDER (Scribners), Phil Stong's entertaining STATE FAIR (Appleton-Century), in which the more amusing side of country life is described, and more, in the good old phrase, too numerous to be mentioned. Somewhere in the course of his reading of the novels of the soil E. L. J. ought to sandwich in Louis Bromfield's THE FARM (Harpers), a book which is half fiction, half biography, and wholly delightful. And he ought, if he has not already done so, to read Edith Wharton's ETHAN FROME (Appleton-Century), which, though remote in kind from the foregoing books, is still one of the most artistic novels of farm life which America has produced. I hope that E. L. J. will find pleasant pasturage among these books. They are, of course, but a few of many, but they are some of the best of that many.

STANDARDS OF CRITICISM

Mrs. E. C. G. of Monroe, La., is interested in "standards of judgment of contemporary literature," and would like some reading suggested that will help her to form a basis for criticism.

I presume by standards of judgment she means if not canons of criticism at least some of the values which critics apply in forming their estimate of literature. Max Eastman's THE LITERARY MIND (Scribner's) is a good work to turn to for a sort of rationale of criticism, and Ludwig Lewisohn's EXPRESSION IN AMERICA should prove a valuable aid to discovery of the forms which literature has assumed and the ideals toward which it has striven in this country. Such volumes as Stuart Sherman's ON CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE (Scribners), and Henry Seidel Canby's DEFINITIONS (Harcourt, Brace) present general critical dicta focussed about contemporary books and linked up with the currents of present-day life. It is by reading such volumes in criticism rather than by attempting to find a work setting forth rigid rules that an approach to the critical attitude can be made.

THE YALE REVIEW
A National Quarterly
AUTUMN 1934

Recovery by Trial and Error	*Walter Lippmann*
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The Alleged Failure of Democracy	*Ralph Barton Perry*
A Conversation about Art	*Virginia Woolf*
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Along the Mother Lode	*Julia Cooley Altrocchi*
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Henry Hazlitt, Richard Hooker, Caroline Gordon, Herbert Read, Harry R. Rudin, John Courtney Wallace Notestein, Robert P. T. Coffin, S. L. Faison, Jr., Lindsay Rogers, Hellmut de Terra, Richmond C. Beatty, Sydney K. Mitchell, Edward H. Hume, William C. DeVane, Gordon S. Haight, Samuel C. Chew, Edward Hales, John J. George, Frederick A. Pottle, Roger B. Merriman.

Library of the Quarter: Outstanding Novels *The Editors* vi-xxxi
Contributors to this Number xxvi-xxviii

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The current issue is typical of its standard of high excellence and of variety of interest. It contains an article on the drama by Walter Prichard Eaton, a discussion of Freud by Waldo Frank, a short story by Josephine Pinckney, poetry by Lizette Woodworth Reese, an article by Richard Aldington, an analysis of the works of Virginia Woolf by John Hawley Roberts, and other stimulating articles. In addition, it contains the usual exciting discussions of new books by competent authorities with no axes to grind and with literary styles of their own.

During the past nine years it has published the work of Conrad Aiken, Hervey Allen, Ernest Boyd, Roark Bradford, Robert Frost, André Gide, Walter de la Mare, Thomas Mann, Luigi Pirandello, Carl Sandburg, Stark Young, and a host of other well-known authors. It has, in addition introduced many new writers of talent to readers of the English language here and abroad.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 248)

efforts of such writers as Mr. Poole, come to be irrevocably associated with the "strong" New England character—the set lips, the lifted chin, the homely sentiments, and earthy wisdom that abides in the minds of his sound people. Ted's wife was a "born journalist" and left him time and time again to follow her nose for news. His son was killed in the war; his daughter made an unhappy marriage; his store lost money when it was forced to the wall by the chain-stores; the nation went into an economic slump; Ted grew old. But through it all he kept his chin above the current, he was tolerant of all, understood all, bowed his head to adversity, and lifted it again, clear-eyed, to observe the hills. His daughter's marriage was saved; his wife, weary with wandering, returned; his store crept gradually back to prosperity, and Roosevelt came to save the country with a New Deal. *Explicit.*

A. C. B.

HIS MAJESTY'S PYJAMAS. By Gene Markey. Covici-Friede. 1934. $2.

Fabricating a literary oddment, Mr. Markey has tossed in a little of Graustark and Ruritania, more than a trace of P. G. Wodehouse, and a generous measure of Hollywood, with the result that "His Majesty's Pyjamas" does not succeed in being much of anything. In writing a deliberate extravaganza the first commandment is to keep a steadily persuasive tone from beginning to end, and in this Mr. Markey has failed. The tone is seldom steady and only occasionally persuasive. The whole business wanders from bedroom farce to melodrama, and from musical comedy love to sly commentary on the state of Europe.

The hero ex-king, Regis III, having been driven from his Balkan throne, is discovered on the first page pressing his trousers in a Monte Carlo hotel; his valet has gone to Paris to pawn the last of the crown jewels. Soon financial help is apparently on the way from an American who will take oil concessions in Regis's country and in return support a monarchist restoration. And then there are three young women who are chiefly occupied in trying to get into the royal bed. All is confusion. But the plot is ultimately able to work itself out into poetic justice and a happy ending for all.

Somehow, the book seems dreary and pretentious, in spite of the flashes of good humor and smart writing that Mr. Markey has put on many of his pages. The rabbit does not come out of the hat.

R. B. W.

CALICO SHOES, AND OTHER STORIES. By James T. Farrell. Vanguard. 1934. $2.50.

Mr. Farrell is one of the most industrious of our young writers; since 1932 he has published three substantial novels and this volume of short stories, and though he possesses certain literary attributes that make almost everything he writes distinctly worth reading, he has not as yet transcended limitations that have so far kept the greater part of his work from being thoroughly satisfactory and first-rate.

His virtues are many: a satisfactory facility with his medium, an almost dictaphonic ear for the speech of his lower middle-class characters, a pervasive sympathetic understanding of the inarticulate, the exploited, the lonely, the misunderstood. In his novels, "Young Lonigan" and "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan," he demonstrated, with an insistence that was practically prolix, an ability to treat of the complex psychic tangles of adolescence—the alternate exaltation and depression, the posturing and attitudinizing, the healthy lust for romance and the sickly hankering for the fleshpots. He has been highly praised for his "uncompromising" realism, but he has not as yet learned to depersonalize experience that was highly personal, to transmute the facts of the life he has so keenly observed, into the heightened reality of fictional art. This insistence upon the utilization of *all* his material, upon the presentation of all the facts because they are the facts, makes for a lack of selectivity, for an obtuse hammering upon the same idea until the reader mutters impatiently, "Yes, I get the point."

These virtues and defects are again present in most of these sixteen short stories. Although Mr. Farrell is still considerably preoccupied with the biological urge—ten stories are definitely sex-angled—and his stories abound with youths ranging from the love-lorn to the sex-starved, with perverts, aging prostitutes, young tarts, and drugstore cowboys, there is apparent a shifting of emphasis, if not of interest. The four most successful stories in this collection demonstrate this shift of emphasis, and three are stories of sexual exploitation: "The Scarecrow," in which a feeble-minded drab is bullied and tortured by a group of young men and women, offers an authentic and moving characterization; the title-story, "Calico Shoes," in which the misfortunes of an avaricious Lithuanian's wife are utilized to make capital for her husband until he is ready to get rid of her; "Well, That's That," which is a modified treatment of "The Scarecrow"; and "Twenty-five Bucks," which provides a moving portrait of a worn-out pugilist and his last fight.

It is inevitable that Mr. Farrell will discover that the bare transference of human facts from life to the printed page is not enough to carry over the emotional character of these human facts; it is inevitable that he will drop his auctorial comments on his characters (an amusingly satirical story like "Honey, We'll Be Brave" is completely ruined by an unnecessary running commentary upon the fatuous emotions of its characters); it is inevitable that he will make an effort to lift his prose style considerably higher than its present monotone. And when he has accomplished these desiderata, he will be more than a sincere commentator on life; he will be an artist. For, in the idiom of his characters, he has "what it takes."

A. C. B.

International

THE CHINESE SOVIETS. By Victor A. Yakhontoff. Coward-McCann. 1934. $2.75.

China and Russia, the two largest countries in the world, are neighbors. Aside from the intimate relations that must necessarily result from this fact, these two mammoth nations are bound together by strong, although mystical, racial ties. In an address in Moscow in 1896, Li Hung-chang, the Chinese diplomat, remarked: "I see the guarantee of a perpetual friendship between our people in the mysterious bond of an ancient kinship."

Upon that venerable filiation (arising from the Mongol domination of both countries), the proximity of the Chinese, and their apparent ripeness for revolution, Soviet Russia predicated the most ambitious of all of its schemes for world-wide *bouleversement*. To what extent has Russian communism taken hold in China? Often has the question been asked, and many and diverse have been the answers. The latest, and perhaps the most complete answer is to be found in Yakhontoff's volume in which he gives, in addition to his own carefully drawn conclusions, the judgment of the leading authorities on both sides of the question.

Despite six punitive campaigns by the Nationalist armies, communism is spreading in China; Soviet-controlled areas are increasing in size. There are almost half a million partisans, supported by a "Red Army" of 350,000 regular soldiers and twice as many volunteers. This army frequently defeats the Nationalist forces. The Chinese Soviets have held two congresses, adopted a constitution, and formed a government.

Yet, with all its strength and fanfare, communism in China remains an underground movement, confined to rural and isolated regions. Its government is nomadic, its members hunted and driven. The Nationalists continue in control of all of the large cities, the treaty ports, and the money bags.

Yakhontoff was in China, but admits that he was unable to discover the communist "government" or interview any of its officials. No attempt was made to reach the Soviet strongholds. These, in fact, are frequently shifted on short notice; here today and gone tomorrow.

Therefore "The Chinese Soviets" is "primarily a compilation with a certain amount of critical comment." After reviewing the available literature on the subject, including important documents such as the official statement of the Japanese Government and Dr. Wellington Koo's Memoranda to the Lytton Report, the author concludes that while communism is a menace that must command attention at the moment in China, its future is uncertain. The Bolshevist dream of a Chinese Soviet, based on ancient racial ties and paralleling the Russian Soviet, may never be realized, owing to the inherent conservatism and good-sense of the Chinese people, their familism, love of property, and other traditional beliefs and institutions.

Communism is apparent in China, but is it real? Yakhontoff himself is in doubt. However, here is a book that every student of Far Eastern Affairs should own.

V. D.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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PAYING GUESTS for Eden. Escape resort with log-cabin living room $6 monthly to civilized boarding $15 weekly. Mile square semi-tropic island south of Charleston. Box 23-A.

YOUNG Writer-Editor, wife, child must go south, Nov.-April. Have $100 or services for maintenance. Who wants it? Box 24-A.

REFINED young college man, gentile, will share his attractive, light, airy apartment with congenial young man under 30. Twelve minutes from Manhattan via new subway. Homelike atmosphere; cook, radio, tennis. $7. Write fully. Box 25-A.

BOSTON—Wanted: Young man to aid in translating Latin for research article. Will require only a few days of work. Box 26-A.

INTELLECTUAL man, early forties, wants to exchange invitations for dinners, shows, movies, for lessons in bridge and Spanish language. Ladies between thirty and forty only. Box 27-A.

ODD stenographic and typing jobs wanted evenings or week-ends, Manhattan. Own typewriter. Reasonable. Interested in literary work on contingent basis. Box 28-A.

MIDDLE-AGED widow, homemaker, secretary college environment, interested in literary pursuits, public affairs, music, out-of-doors; children grown up, desires correspondence with gentleman similarly situated. Box 29-A.

REFINED widow, 34, in San Francisco, lonesome, pleasing personality, would like to hear from educated lonesome gentleman. Box 30-A.

GENTLEWOMAN desires accommodations for winter with pleasant cultured family New England village or country. Good table, clean, warm house absolute essentials. Meals in own rooms preferred. References exchanged. Give full particulars first letter. Box 31-A.

WILL women be crushed? Not if they organize and cooperate. We are a group of intelligent young women who are shocked and insulted by the growing attitude of masculine scorn. If you are willing to contribute *your* ideas and join us as we begin, please write to The League of Independent Women, Box 32-A.

COULD anybody in Washington use an exceptionally good secretary-stenographer with brains? Box 33-A.

PROFESSIONAL woman of very simple tastes, boarding in New York City, would like occasional evening companionship of gentleman, 40-50, to whom mere walking with good but rather quiet companion would be pleasant recreation. Shyness resulting from such request, however, may make contact difficult. Box 34-A.

POSITION as hostess wanted in bachelor establishment or motherless home by well-educated woman, experienced in travel, homemaking and entertaining. Drives car; plays contract; enjoys reading. References exchanged. Box 35-A.

DIVIDENDS from your Personality. Stamp for information. Dept. A, Wood School of Personality, Box 216, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BUSINESS woman, quiet bookish sort redeemed by adequate sort of humor, seeks permanent shelter with young congenial Protestant family living preferably North Shore. Have own room furniture and car. Sparrow.

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PERSONALS

BERMUDA at Christmas. Galvanized into action at the terrifying prospect at finding myself there alone for three weeks during the holidays I ask if Bermuda will produce a one man over 35 who prefers bicycling, swimming and dancing to gin and cards. Optimist.

YOUNG lady with American and European university education desires position of any honorable nature affording residence in New York or Washington. Box 48-A.

WANTED: Club women, others to read and circulate private reports current Broadway plays. Read all about the latest offerings, earn pin money at the same time. Enclose self-addressed envelope to Literary Service Counsils, 11 W. 42nd St., suite 1062, New York, play review service.

WOMAN, college grad., trained library and office worker, wants whole or part-time. Experience typing MSS., research, clerical, filing. Capable, adaptable. Would exchange part time for lodging. Box 49-A.

WHY NOT have a SUPER-SECRETARY for the same money? College graduate, French, German, and brains. Box 50-A.

SECRETARY wants job—Very much interested in the political and industrial scene. Efficient, of course; experienced; personable. Box 51-A.

YOUNG HOBO, radical, disillusioned, uncivilized, aspiring to authorship, would like to find quiet place to earn livelihood while studying and writing. Not afraid of work. Quality of task no issue. Will go anywhere. Address: 420 East Beauregard, San Angelo, Texas.

CAREERS in Writing—If you are interested in learning to write short stories, articles, books, plays, etc., send for latest book —"Careers in Writing"—without charge. Also free Aptitude Test! U. S. School of Writing, Dept. S24, 20 W. 60th Street, New York.

A. W. B., South America.—Interesting stuff, send more with address. 10 A.

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"ONLY A GENIUS could write such an uproarious melange of wit, irony and priceless satire." So says one critic who read Charles Gilson's novel, "The Cat and The Curate." Others are calling Gilson "a more than worthy successor to Thorne Smith" and his novel "splendid entertainment for Thorne Smith fans." Booksellers are enthusiastic, too. Let one show you a copy ($2.00) or write us for information about this unconventional story of a prim clergyman, his amorous cat, Susan, and a virtuous village maiden. Frederick A. Stokes, 443 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

INTERESTED in making $20-$100 weekly spare time? Stamp brings details. Box 623.

DEAF—Hard of Hearing—Young men, women, intelligent, College, High School grads preferred, start social club N. Y. C. Lipreading. Box 38-A.

ESTABLISHED Little Magazine desires associates as regional editors (active, passive) to pay $10 monthly to support publication. No triflers. Box 39-A, *Saturday Review.*

CHEERY large sun-flooded room for rent to desirable lady in fourteenth floor apartment. Call Rhinelander 4-4231 between 12 and 2, 6 and 7. Box 40-A.

YOUNG Woman — Fine cultural background of study and travel, seeks part-time employment. Expert stenographer, typist. Manuscript preparation. Knowledge Italian, Spanish, German. Modest salary. Box 52-A.

WIDOW, attractive, under forty. Advantages European education and extensive travel. Lover of art, outdoor sports, and dancing. Would like corespondence with man cultured, mature and lover of life. Box 41-A.

CARETAKER.—Writer, responsible and experienced worker, will care for, paint and repair farm or estate. Compensation, food. Box 42-A.

MY MIDTOWN apartment has a spare pleasant room, furnished, suitable for business or residence. Free to interesting personality or enterprise. Box 43-A.

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The Fine Book

THE FINE BOOK. Edited, with an introduction, by Porter Garnett. Pittsburgh: Laboratory Press. 1934.

PORTER GARNETT was one of that small group of men in San Francisco who, in the nineties, taught the *Lark* to sing, and the very real interest in typography which that magazinelet evidenced has been continued by him since. After further essays in book design on the Coast, he established in 1923, at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh, a laboratory of printing for the practical application of certain esthetic principles in which he believed. Many young men have passed through that school, their time divided between consideration of the bases of fine printing and hand work with type and press. The common labor of Mr. Garnett and his pupils has produced such books as "A Documentary Account of the Laboratory Press," issued in 1927, and "Undine," printed last year for the Limited Editions Club. In these books, as notably in the one now before me, Mr. Garnett's meticulous handling of type and his own ideas of arrangement and display in the matter of design, have been evident. This book as well as its predecessors has been printed by hand.

The authors represented are: T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, whose "The Book Beautiful" is reprinted; William Morris, with his essay on "The Ideal Book"; Frederick W. Goudy, on "Hand Press Printing, a Plea for a Lost Craft"; D. B. Updike, by three essays from his published books: Henri Focillon, on "Printing as Architecture"; Lewis Mumford, on "Hand and Machine"; Paul Valéry, on "The Two Merits of a Book"; Hans Mardersteig, on "A Lost Territory Regained"; Carl P. Rollins, on "Printing at Its Best"; Eric Gill, on "The Two Worlds of Typography"; and Porter Garnett, on "The Ideal Book Reconsidered." In addition, Mr. Garnett has a chapter on the binding of a hand-printed book and a note on printers' flowers.

The general tenor of the selected essays is to emphasize the superiority of hand printing over machine work, a thesis which some of us hold to with fanatical persistency. Morris—Cobden-Sanderson—Mardersteig—Garnett have proved their right to be heard by the exquisite beauty of their hand press printing, which is, to speak honestly, more interesting and better to look at than almost any machine printing which may be pitted against it. The other writers here represented speak with the weight of authority from long association with printing of a high order. For the format of the book Mr. Garnett has taken a small octavo; the paper is an English hand-made; the type is "Lutetia." Each essay is preceded by a delicate but elaborate arrangement of printers' flowers —and perhaps the one criticism of the typography of the volume is that the scale of the half-title pages (and the title-page) is too fine for the text pages. The book is soundly bound and in accordance with the best practice, covered in red leather and gold stamped.

The book as a whole is a notable contribution to the meager shelf of American books printed by hand, and in its appearance it reflects strikingly Mr. Garnett's preferences for complex arrangements of design units and simple, open type setting. It lives up to its title—and that is saying much!

Late *Colophons*

Parts Seventeen and Eighteen of *The Colophon* have been issued since space was available in this column to speak of them. The same interesting typographical treatment runs through these two numbers, though the type aberrations, so happily wanting in the past year or two, reappear in the latest number—Mr. Kimball's "Hocquet Habitat" and Mr. Vail's otherwise entertaining article on "The Beginnings of the American Circus" making prominent use of quite horrid types.

It is difficult to select articles from the menu which are most readable, but certainly Dorothy L. Sayers's solemn inquiry into "The Dates in the Red-Headed League" is worthy of the author of "The Nine Tailors." Mr. Morison's "American Penmanship" is an excursion into a little explored field. Mr. Rice's article on St. John Crevecoeur's "Letters of an American Farmer" touches on a subject of perennial interest. And Mr. Benchley's "Why Does Nobody Collect Me?" is in his best vein.

Selection is difficult; but *The Colophon* as a whole is decidedly worth while. It is therefore with mingled feelings that one notes the completion of the five-year experiment, and the end of the quarterly in this form. This is all as it should be. In from five to ten years any magazine grows from adolescence to maturity, no matter how fresh the original inspiration. And we may look forward to the *Colophon* of the future, a different magazine, renewed and refreshed by emancipation from a form which has played consistently an intelligent part in the book world. We look forward with much anticipatory pleasure to the new *Colophon. Vale atque ave!*

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
FER-DE-LANCE *Rex Stout* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	College pres. dies on golf links. "Coronary thrombosis" says M.D., but gargantuan Nero Wolfe spots murder.	If you admit validity of mechanism of the crime you'll find this the best mystery story in months.	Great Stuff
CREEP, SHADOW! *A. Merritt* (Crime Club: $2.)	Four strange suicides put Dr. Caranac on trail of lovely witch-woman and her sinister pa.	Black-magic, blood-thirsty ancient rites, sensuous pagan lahv, all in a horrendous hash.	Goo
THE SAINT INTERVENES *Leslie Charteris* (Crime Club: $2.)	In fourteen amusing episodes Simon Templar, swindler extraordinary, outwits crooks, con-men, and human vermin at their own bright games.	Ingenuity, humor, and a lively style make the Saint's adventures the jolliest reading.	Ripping
LEGACY OF DEATH *R. J. A. Walling* (Morrow: $2.)	Solicitor Spink, knowing too much, is done to death in English canal. Curious Mr. Tolefree gets curiouser and curiouser.	One of those plodding-steadily - from - clue - to - clue affairs that pleases dyed - in - wool addicts.	Satisfactory
THE BLIND BARBER *John Dickson Carr* (Harpers: $2.)	Murder, robbery, and incessant high-jinks on trans-atlantic liner with terminal essay on deduction by Dr. Fell.	Murder and merriment refuse to mix, even in practised hands of Mr. Carr.	?

PERSONALS

IVY belongs wholly to me. Please remember the fact and the owner always. Y. L.

LIKE dancing and fun—minus smoking and drinking? One in vicinity of Davenport, Iowa, wonders if there is a Protestant gentleman about 35 who has same likes. Box 45-A.

IS THERE a mature male outside New England who would enjoy correspondence with young woman, not clever but said to be very likable, interested in music, books, and life generally? "New England."

PURPLE INK LADY — Ridgefield—Send telephone or address. Ex-Desperate. Johnson, care Miller, 1205 Lexington Avenue, New York.

YOUNG woman, two degrees, creative literary interests (can sweep floors, too), wishes to work for magazine or publishing house. Box 46-A.

CONTRACT Bridge partner—middle-aged, unattached—who will be South for Winter. "Slam."

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He was the original Great White Wayfarer.

He was the first multi-millionaire to put wine, woman, and song on the pay-roll.

He never drank and rarely sang.

He was America's first capitalist in the roaring nineties and naughty noughties to exploit to the limit the splendiferous and bacchanalian possibilities inherent in the private life of an expense account.

He offered LILLIAN RUSSELL a million dollars in cash to marry him.

He bucked J. P. MORGAN and backed FLO ZIEGFELD—and, believe it or not, won both times.

Lillian Russell

He gave a $100,000 party with a race horse as the guest of honor.

He used a diamond-studded bicycle, with silver spokes, pearl-inlaid handle-bars, and wheels and accessories sparkling with sapphires, rubies, and emeralds.

He owned a jewel set for every day of the month, and accumulated more than 20,000 diamonds and 6,000 other precious stones.

He ran $90 up to $12,000,000, prided himself on being the biggest sucker on Broadway, and liked it.

His name—surprise!—was JAMES BUCHANAN BRADY; a rampaging, Ripleyesque, Rabelaisian book about his life and times—*Diamond Jim,* by PARKER MORELL—has just been issued in a diamond-studded volume (*literally*); and if any reader of this column can think of a more fantastic, a more fabulous figure that ever walked the streets of little old New York, he will oblige by sending his name and address to

ESSANDESS

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞The day this is written (Oct. 21) happens to be the birthday (162nd) of S. T. Coleridge; poor old vacillating Quercus always celebrates it by reading aloud that egregiously comic story (in De Quincey's *Reminiscences of the Lake Poets*—Everyman series) of Coleridge's pious old father and the protruding shirt. ☞We enjoy recalling also Coleridge's adventures soliciting subscriptions for a weekly paper. Attempting to persuade the tallow-chandler of Birmingham, he says, "I commenced an harangue of half an hour, through the whole gamut of eloquence, from the ratiocinative to the declamatory, from the pathetic to the indignant." ☞His spiel was so lofty that he felt it "anticlimax and abysmal bathos" when he had to conclude that each issue only cost fourpence. ☞The ideal Christmas or birthday gift is a subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW. ☞Old Q. would like to go on writing about Coleridge, one of the greatest minds that ever devoted itself to literature. His "lamentable difficulty in saying No;" his sufferings when he attempted to smoke tobacco. . . . But why not read the *Biographia Literaria* (Everyman series). ☞We have always wanted to make pilgrimage to Porlock, in North Devon, to see if there is in the churchyard a grave inscribed *The Man who interrupted Kubla Khan.* What business can there have been that detained Coleridge for an hour on that occasion? Probably the Man from Porlock was a printer to whom S. T. C. owed money.

⁂

☞It's always good to hear from our distant clients. Mrs. E. L. McTaggart in Pago Pago, Samoa, writes charmingly to renew her subscription and sends aloha. "If there is ever anyone down this way from your office," she kindly says, "tell them to look me up and I'll give them an oke highball and show them the town." ☞Mr. and Mrs. Dick Simon, of Simon & Schuster, send a postcard from the Hotel Halekulani, at Waikiki (Honolulu) remarking that we did not in any way exaggerate the charms of that place. ☞We are always careful to understate. ☞The first dictionary to employ a "pitfall" symbol (a little printed spade) is the new *Concise Oxford French Dictionary.* It is a warning sign to put the reader on his guard against apparent (but false) analogies. Excellent idea! ☞By the way, what *is* the French word for "hangover," a question that arose in the unfortunate Vanderbilt courtroom squabble? Perhaps Leroy's admirable little *Glossary of French Slang* (World Book Co., Yonkers) would tell us.

⁂

☞Dodd Mead & Co., 449 Fourth Avenue, N. Y., will send, if you ask for it, the details of their 8-Point Test by which they choose their much admired Red Badge Detective Stories. ☞Let us remark what a fine job Viking Press has done in keeping Mr. Woollcott's *While Rome Burns,* a collection of witty and agreeable essays, high on the best-seller list for many months. ☞Viking has a book coming along, *Musa Dagh,* an enormous novel about a village of Armenians who refused to be massacred by the Turks. This book, if there is any enthusiasm for real worth, should make the biggest dent in the public since *The Good Earth* and *Anthony Adverse.*

⁂

☞Old Q. learns some of the most interesting things just by accident. E.g. that there is now a textbook edition ($1.35) of T. E. Shaw's *The Odyssey of Homer.* ☞And that the Oxford Press (very secretly, it seems) have been putting out volumes and volumes of the collected essays of Robert Bridges at $1 each. Old Q. hasn't seen them, but has profound respect for the late Dr. Bridges' comments on literature; even on grammar and spelling crotchets. ☞We were much pleased by Heywood Broun's recent tribute to the veteran artist and cartoonist Art Young, a liberal who has never grown bitter. ☞Pleased also by the cordial notices of the biography of another great liberal, *C. P. Scott of the Manchester Guardian,* by J. L. Hammond (Harcourt). ☞The late Mr. Scott (1846-1932) made the M. G. one of the world's greatest newspapers (perhaps *the* greatest) and was a strong anonymous influence for all kinds of intelligence and fair play. If you ever feel inclined to despair about the general tendency of newspapers, read Mr. Hammond's book; it should be mandatory in all schools of journalism. ☞Standard Statistics Co., Inc. send Old Quercus "a cordial invitation to submit a list of your Investments for review and rating . . . . this offer is made on the assumption that the present market value of your holdings is $10,000 or more." ☞Whew, what an assumption. ☞Our kind of holdings would puzzle old Standard Statistics, Inc. For instance: a Bruce Rogers *Montaigne;* a William McFee MS; a First of Mark Twain's *Roughing It* (bought for 15 cents); ditto of *The Sea and the Jungle* (bought for $1); the Vailima edition of the Works of Stevenson; autographed copy of Conrad's *The Mirror of the Sea;* the (excessively rare) 1913 issue of Conrad's *Chance; The Broad Stone of Honour,* in 5 volumes, by Kenelm Henry Digby (Quaritch, 1876); the first little book of poems by Dorothy Sayers (Oxford, 1916); Kit North's copy of the *Lyrical Ballads;* a 1642 Thomas Fuller's *Holy State* (a beauty!); a 1651 *Leviathan* (rebound); a full set of the superb Isham-Rudge *Boswell Papers.* . . . But we can't list 'em all. ☞How would Standard Statistics analyze those "holdings"? We think them much more solid than a bunch of commercial insecurities. As long as mankind has a heart and a brain, investments of that sort are the most satisfying. ☞Speaking of heart and brain, the catalogues of Dauber and Pine, 66 Fifth Avenue, are worth getting even if you only read Samuel Loveman's little prolegomenary banzais; such as his little cheerio on "A Sea-Coal Fire" in Dr. P.'s October pamphlet. ☞We like John Cowper Powys's note about his brother T. F. Powys in Barnet B. Ruder's new catalogue (20 East 49). "He writes as if no one had ever written before." ☞But any member of the Powys family would surely know that writing is going on. ☞Mr. Ruder offers two of T. F. Powys's original MSS. ☞We are sorry that our comments on booksellers' catalogues are so unsystematic; but we mention what happens to catch our extravagant and erring glimpse.

THE elephant AND THE blind men

—or, why book critics sometimes go wrong

LAST WEEK an unsigned review of the novel THE AMERICAN appeared in these pages, and it was so full of curdled dislike and fumbling contradiction that the publisher was reminded of the blind men of Industan who went to investigate an elephant*.

THERE were four of them, and they couldn't agree. The first blind man happened to fall against the elephant's side. "It is like a wall," he bawled. The second, feeling the tusk cried out: "It is very like a spear." The third, having grabbed the swinging trunk, shouted that it was like a snake. The fourth, touching an ear, insisted it was like a fan.

TO OUR anonymous reviewer, THE AMERICAN was very like a horse-drawn vehicle. He wrote: "It is written in a bald style and toils along like a prairie wagon." But later, having shifted his position, he discovered: "It is not without dramatic action." But let's leave the blind and go on to a group of modern critics who see eye to eye on this book and aren't ashamed to sign their opinions:

Harry Hansen:
"A big, spacious book with the winds of the prairie blowing through it . . . A fine tale of the West. I read it with the same exhilarating thrill that came over me when I first read Cooper—there is the same haunting fear of the unknown wilderness, there is the same curious effect of a mysterious woman upon backwoods men."—*N. Y. World Telegram.*

Herschel Brickell:
"One of the most readable novels of the season . . A rousing, colorful, picturesque tale of the frontier, exceptionally entertaining."—*N. Y. Post.*

Lewis Gannett:
"The authentic epic of America . . . 630 pages of action that gallops across the continent and back . . . the old American dream and tradition come back to life."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

Fred T. Marsh:
"A long, homespun narrative of the shifting frontier . . . There are a hundred exciting stories of weak and strong men and women cut adrift in a lawless world."—*N. Y. Times.*

Orville Prescott:
"A fine adventure tale, swiftly moving and rich in picturesque detail . . . a story of courageous men and women told with gusto."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books"*

Joseph Meyers:
"A bold and sweeping tale, painted colorfully upon the background of American history, and written with a lean, unvarnished style that matches perfectly the subject matter. An exciting piece of pioneer fiction seething with people and with events. It has a sort of glow to it, a warmth and a color. It is rich and picturesque, simple and human."—*St. Paul Daily News.*

The American
A novel by Louis Dodge

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* *Publisher's aside:* THE AMERICAN bulks big, but unlike an elephant it moves fast.

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